From Subscribers

District Attorney
Orleans County
Medina, N. Y.
August 27, 1928.

To the Editor of The Outlook:

On receipt of another copy of the Outlook, which I have only glanced at, I am taking time to express my opinion briefly. Instead of being a great impartial paper as you are attempting rather poorly to claim, The Outlook has become a piece of wet propaganda for the wet Governor of New York, and one who is experienced in these matters is forced to conclude that your position is the result of sympathetic appetite and not sound sense. A paper of the character which The Outlook still claims for itself ought not to have much difficulty in making a selection of candidates based upon experience, ability and general fitness disregarding the wet issue, which seems to be ever present in your throat. If you had been a student of the prohibition proposition without appetite or interest to any considerable degree or for any length of time and had any desire to see the removal of the evils of intemperance, you would not say some of the silly things that have appeared in The Outlook. As for Canada, why not investigate the results in Quebec* and other provinces instead of assuming that it is a successful experiment. And instead of calling on Mr. Hoover "to speak more plainly" just discuss the absurd proposals of your wet Smith for meeting the situation. The temperance people seem to be able to understand Mr. Hoover and the record of Smith is well known. His official activities have always been for unlimited booze and he has done everything he could to prevent the successful enforcement of prohibition in order to make it a failure. If prohibition is pinching some of your editors, for the greatest present trouble with prohibition is the attitude toward enforcement of a lot of supposedly high-class people who are supporting the bootleggers and worrying about the quality of the booze they get, then be honest enough to come out from behind your claim of neutrality and announce plainly that The Outlook is doing its best for Smith and booze.

I suggest as a great improvement that you begin to recognize the obvious fact of the vastly better qualifications and ability of Hoover for the Presidency and instead of your veiled efforts to destroy prohibition you devote yourself to the consideration of the question, for which a prize of $25,000 is offered as I note by the inclosed clipping.

If The Outlook had not been a great paper in the past and you were not doing great harm to people who do not think independently, I would not trouble to tell you what I think of "the new Cutlook" but just let you drink and talk.

Gordon H. Payne.

**Editor's Note: We already have in hand a series of articles on the results in Quebec, which will be published shortly.*

The First National Bank,
Gardner, Massachusetts,
August 28, 1928.

Editor of The Outlook:

I have subscribed for your magazine for a good many years. I have been somewhat amazed by your attitude of late regarding a number of political and religious matters, and was particularly disgusted by the article written by George W. Hinman, Jr., complaining of the attitude of the bishops of the Methodist Church South, relating to the coming election.

The drop in the character of your publication from the time when Lyman Abbott dictated its policies, has truly been stupendous. As a matter of current consideration on your part, I am enclosing an item cut from the Boston Herald this morning, without comment.

A. B. Bryant, President.

Editors' Note: The clipping referred to above was from a Worcester paper and headed: 50 Catholic Sisters Register for Election.

Thomas C. Miller, Inc.,
65 East 9th Street,
New York City.
August 29, 1928.

Editor of The Outlook:

As one who wrote his criticisms of The Outlook after reading it for more than forty years, I take pleasure in complimenting you on the "content and appearance" of the August 22nd and 29th issues.

It is good to see The Outlook after wandering in the wilderness for some months recovering its "independence" not merely, but its sanity, by which I mean the judgment to give space to strong articles rather than freaks.

The article by George W. Hinman, Jr. is most timely and will strike a responsive cord in Protestant laymen. Mr. Hinman did not mention another serious situation. These clerical overlords have succeeded by their dominance in church gatherings in intimidating the greater number of the less prominent clergymen to following them. Few of them seem aware of the scorn in which members of their own church hold their views on political matters.

Thomas C. Miller.

Northwestern Mutual Life Service,
Minneapolis, Minnesota,
August 25, 1928.

Editor of The Outlook:

Upon my return from a short vacation I find the "New Outlook," the issue of August 22nd, and I hasten, before the passage of time may dissipate my enthusiasm and my good intentions, to write you a most congratulatory message. I want to do as much as I can to offset any possible sense of futility that may come to you as the result of letters from disappointed old readers who are writing to you of their disapproval.

What a tremendously refreshing and optimism-reviving experience it is to have brought to one every week so thoroughly honest and fair-minded a review of all the *interesting* events and developments of the past seven days as you are now giving us! With joy I reclaim the wrapper from the waste-basket and learn that my subscription is paid to January, 1930. There must be a constantly widening group of honest-minded people in this country who will come into your circle and replace any who are unable to withstand the pressure of their own prejudices.

Now that the avenues of information available to us through most of the newspapers are so thoroughly barricaded that only ideas and news items that strictly conform to the publishers' and their advertising clientele's prejudices can get through, we must all depend more and more upon the courageous enterprise of such comprehending, honest-minded men as yourself and your associates in this field, for information both true and not lacking in essentials as to what is actually going on in this world of ours, and for stimulation of thought and assistance in the analysis of problems confronting us all, if we are ever to make progress in government and social affairs.

More power to your good right arm! You are publishing a wonderfully interesting, stimulating and, I sincerely hope, a more and more influential magazine. Yours in deep gratefulness.

Albert E. Mahon.

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WHATEVER the situation all over the country, in the Eastern States Prohibition continues to be of absorbing interest. We are glad, for that reason, to be able to print in this issue a description of the Swedish system of liquor control. Written by one of the leading officials of Stockholm, it contains definite facts and figures from which reasonable conclusions can be drawn. A brief reading of it will show how loose and foolish is much of the talk indulged in by returning travelers from Europe, who state so authoritatively their superficial judgments that Sweden's efforts toward temperance are a failure.

ONE of New York's leading clergymen is a recent offender in this respect. Stepping from the gangplank of his steamer, he asserted that drunkenness was rampant in Sweden, and he thanked God that America has Prohibition that really prohibits. Yet in the very same newspaper which quoted his remarks were the headlines of Philadelphia's sensational exposure of the crime and intolerable corruption resulting from that city's immense bootleggers' ring—a brief glance at which ought to be enough to make the ordinary man pause and consider.

THE truth is that the Eastern cities are becoming as much roused over the problem created by Prohibition as the Western towns are over the question of farm relief. Let us make no mistake. For business America, Prohibition has created a social danger which is striking harder every day at the very root of the community's security. The mess in Philadelphia is merely an indication of a condition which exists in every sizeable city in the Union. And the end is not yet.

WHAT shall we do about it? Well, in this issue is one method of solving the problem: the Swedish system. Canada is already trying a variation of this plan, with what varying degrees of success Dixon Merritt will inform us in a series of articles which we shall print in forthcoming issues. Perhaps we can learn something there.

MEANWHILE, there is no use in blinking the facts. Prohibition does not prohibit.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS
Color Woodcut by H. J. Straat

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Outlook
September 12, 1928

James Cannon, Jr.

Leader of the Dry Revolt in the Democratic Party

By DIXON MERRITT

WHEN he was a young preacher, Cannon tried to go to live among savages as a missionary but, because his health was not robust, his church—the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—would never permit him to go. He showed neither resentment nor disappointment. He worked away, hard and faithfully, as pastor on Methodist circuits and stations, as teacher in schools with Methodist leanings, as editor of papers more or less under Methodist control. When he had barely topped the crest of life, he was powerful enough in the church to attain the goal of every Methodist preacher's ambition, a bishopric.

When he became a bishop, James Cannon, Jr., took no conferences to preside over. He became a missionary bishop. He is today Bishop of Africa and Brazil. Just as soon as he attained the position in which he could give orders instead of taking them, he put out for the mission fields and has lived in them a large part of the time ever since. What the rulers of his church would not permit him to do when he was among the ruled he proceeded to do when he came to sit among the rulers.

This shows how this man can work by indirection, slowly and through long years, toward the attainment of an end. But he does not prefer that way. His method is to drive straight ahead, not over but through whatever obstacles are in the way. Let a story illustrate the trait.

Something less than two years ago, Bishop Cannon was in the heart of the Congo. The time came when he had to start home. Straight ahead at no great distance was the coast and a ship and an early sailing. But everybody told him that he must not go that way, that the difficulties were all but insurmountable. The way that he should go was roundabout, long and slow, but safe.

Bishop Cannon packed his bags and headed straight for the coast. He was beset by all the difficulties and danger that he had been warned of, and more beside. Floods caught him in a river swamp and, but for the kindliness of the natives, he would have died there. He sheltered in a native hut, insect infested. He had a raging fever when he reached the coast. He was given up as dead on the ship. He was confined for a long time to a London hospital for tropical diseases. He reached home a mere skinful of bones.

But he reached home by the direct route. For his own comfort and safety, he might much better have gone the other way. But he never considers his own comfort and safety.

Bishop Cannon gets what he wants. But he pays too dearly for it—by other men's standard of values. By his own standard, no price is too high for a thing worth while.

Emotional fanatics are like that.

But Bishop Cannon is not an emotional fanatic. He may possibly be a fanatic but there is no trace of emotionalism in him. He is as cold as an iron wedge at Skagway. The best analytical chemist could not find in him as much sentiment as would go under the toenail of a chigger. If he has a temper, nothing has ever penetrated his hide deeply enough to reach it.

Methodist preachers who have fought with and against Cannon for a lifetime say that nothing makes him angry. His antagonists in debate, in conferences and elsewhere have sometimes deliberately tried to insult him. After the insult, he has answered just as calmly —and just as politely—as before. This trait has won for him recognition as the most irritating debater in Methodism.

If it were necessary to write Bishop Cannon's character in a phrase, the phrase would be this: Deadly earnestness wholly devoid of the passion of fanaticism.

And yet we know that there is in this man something of sentiment and of emotion. He has confessed both. His life-long, sledge hammer devotion to prohibition began in a sentiment regarding his mother and in an emotional experience of his boyhood.

The man who thinks enough of his emotions to keep them eternally locked in a fire proof safe is sure to be a dangerous foe and likely to be a successful reformer. He is of the stuff of Napoleon Bonaparte, of Martin Luther, of Socrates.

As a foe, Bishop Cannon is entitled to rank with Attilla the Hun. A man more ruthless never lived. As a reformer, men may place him where they will. He has been in the game for forty years and, despite a body

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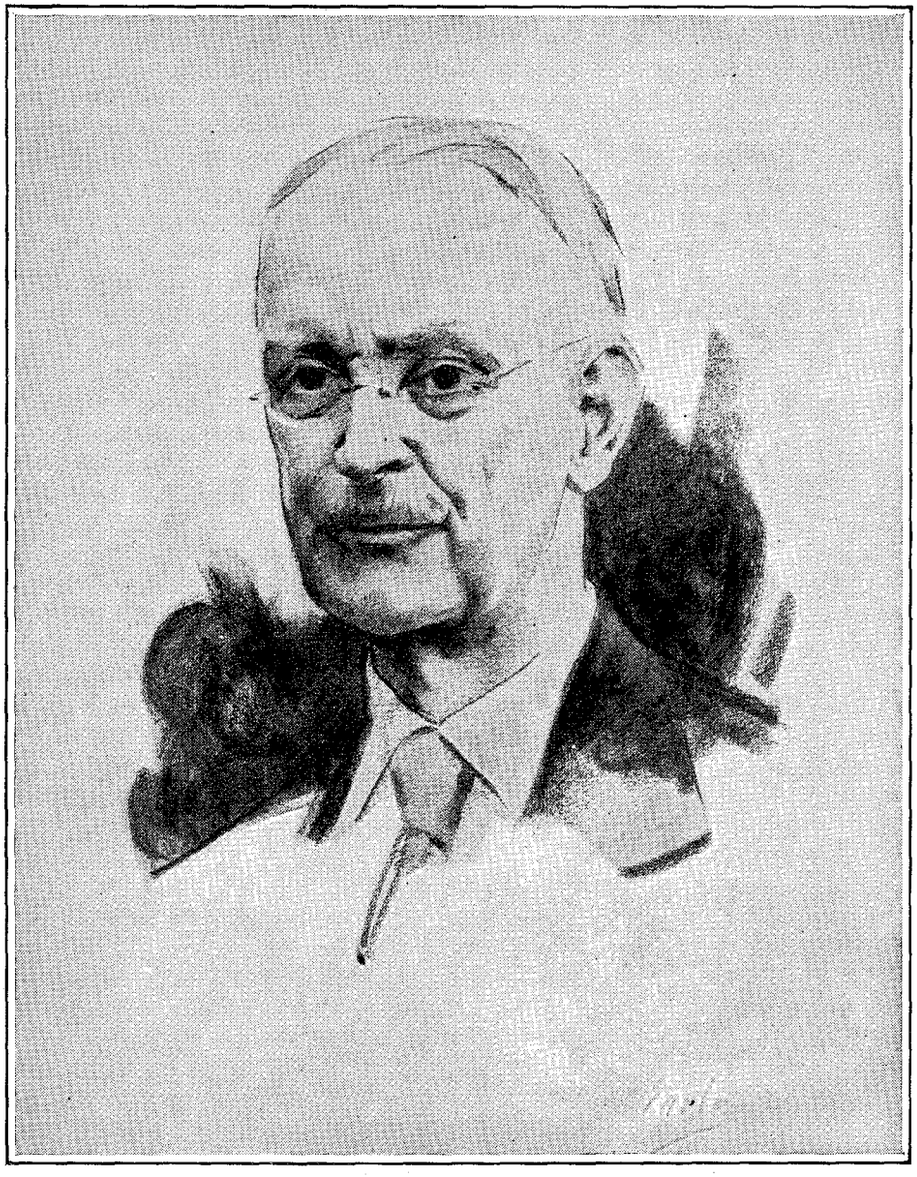

BISHOP CANNON

broken anew by his mule-headedness in Africa, is going stronger than ever today.

James Cannon was born at Salisbury on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The Eastern Shore is, besides being aristocratic and Southern, as strongly Protestant as the Western Shore is Catholic. Salisbury is the heart of the Eastern Shore, the cathedral town of the Episcopal Church and the center of activity for most other Protestant denominations. If Cannon has an anti-Catholic bias—and there are indications that he has—it is not of low-brow origin.

At twenty James Cannon entered Randolph-Macon College in Virginia with no thought of becoming a preacher. He was a dandy—and the dandy of the early eighties was a bird of particularly gaudy plumage. During his undergraduate days, the "call to preach" came to him. One cannot but wonder how such a thing reaches such a man, so seemingly devoid of the emotional element. From Randolph-Macon, Cannon went to Princeton and Princeton Theological Seminary. In one year, he took two degrees, married, and entered the Virginia Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

Cannon began his ministry as he has continued it, preeminently the controversialist. He was in a fight in his first year and has been in from one to twenty at a time ever since. He has lost some of them, but those who know his career most intimately say that he has never once been bested in an argument because of lack of facts. It has been said, whether truthfully or not, that for years he maintained a clipping service on every man of any account in the Virginia Conference because a fight with any of them was always imminent.

Cannon, very early in his career, manifested his two great interests—missions and prohibition. They must be considered as two interests but I believe that in Cannon's case they are one—missions the end and prohibition one of the means. This has a queer sound, since the man has hammered incessantly at prohibition for forty years and only ten years ago became actively the missionary. But we shall see more about that a little later on

A few years of ministerial work made James Cannon one of the most cordially hated men in Virginia. He was not without enemies among his fellow ministers and, because of his eternal reforming, the press of the State lined up almost solidly against him.

It is not easy to believe that this drove the man out of pastoral work, but, on the other hand, it is not hard to believe that he looked about for a better weapon than a pulpit in the country or a small town. However that may be, he became an editor, first of one of the Christian Advocates, the family name of Methodist church papers, and later of "The Virginian", a reform paper which he founded. He was now in a position to make more enemies and to hammer them harder He gave himself wholly, including the pocketbook, to "The Virginian". He was, and probably still is, a man of considerable means and he poured multiplied thousands of money into the hopper of his paper. Most men would have counted it money lost. He counted it money well spent, every dollar bringing a dollar's worth of goods.

As the fight went on—mainly, it was the fight for prohibition—Cannon may have thought of training classes of recruits for future armies. He turned from the editorial desk to the teacher's chair and was for years at the head of Blackstone College for Girls. There is hardly a neighborhood in Virginia without one or more of Cannon's girls engaged in the business of homemaking.

There is something in cold, hard men that attracts women. It is said that these Blackstone alumnae, almost without exception, would go through fire for the Bishop.

His attainment of the bishop's bench terminated Cannon's career at Blackstone. That was ten years ago. He has been no more interested in missions since than he was before but he has been able to devote more time to them. And no less to prohibition.

Since 1914, Cannon has been Chair-

(Please turn to page 797)

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Europe and The Kellogg Treaty

By ARTHUR BULLARD

Europe has signed Mr. Kellogg's treaty outlawing war; that was a foregone conclusion. But Europe continues to regard us as a nation of slogan-makers and that leads to skeptical thoughts about the effect of resolutions upon realities. Mr. Bullard, who reports the feeling behind the outward act, is a well known journalist.

A GOOD many statesmen and diplomats gathered in Paris for the signature of the Multilateral Treaty to renounce war. It was my good fortune to encounter an old friend among them.

"What," I asked, "does Europe think of Mr. Kellogg's Treaty?"

"That," he replied, "is not a good question. It is more important to know what Europe will do than to know what it thinks about the treaty, and it is even more important to know what Europe hopes about the treaty."

"First: What will Europe do about the treaty? Europe will sign. That was a foregone conclusion. No one of the different countries is in a position to offend the United States and it has been made clear to every one that your Government takes it very seriously and would be gravely resentful at any country which refused to sign. Europe will sign."

"What does Europe think about the treaty," he said after a moment's hesitation, "is very much more difficult to answer. I doubt if any two Europeans think exactly the same thing. We never know quite what to think about Americans. At one moment we are impressed by your practical common sense—your success in material things is obvious. The next moment we are equally impressed by your apparent faith in mere words. We used to think that Wilson sometimes used words loosely—as though there were some health-giving magic in sonorousness. 'Self Determination.' 'A World Safe for Democracy.' At times it seemed to us that he was not so much interested in the hard work of giving meaning to the phrase as he was in polishing it. But when we read this treaty of Mr. Kellogg's and *think* about it, it seems to us even more a matter of words, even less connected with the realities of hard work necessary to give the words effect, than anything Mr. Wilson ever proposed to us.

"I can illustrate the way we get bewildered by your methods in another field, much less important, but to me typical. I have had to attend some of the opium conferences at the League of Nations. Opium smoking used to be a regrettable vice of the Far East, modern chemistry has brought the 'dope menace' home to the Western world. It is a difficult problem, because the commodity is so small and so easily smuggled. Well, we had been working on it for a couple of years, not making much progress, but a little. Suddenly an American Delegation turns up and they say that it is easy. All that is necessary is to stop the planting of the poppy from which opium is made. Could anything be simpler? The only trouble is that an unkind Providence has arranged that the poppy grows most luxuriantly in those countries over which a European Diplomatic Conference has a minimum of influence. What is the gain in outlawing poppies when we can't stop them from growing?

"When we tried to point out the facts of the situation to these American friends and said that as we did not see any practical way to prevent the Persians, Turks and Chinese from growing opium, we thought it best to see what we could do to control the evil in the areas over which we had authority, they said that was sinful—a compromise with evil. I am sure that the gentlemen of the American Delegation were quite sincere—even more sure that the American ladies who surrounded them were sincere. We Europeans must have a blind spot—we cannot see that this method of denouncing evil cures it.

"We think in much the same way about this Kellogg treaty. There has been more serious work done to prevent war since the Armistice than in all the centuries before. Besides the League of Nations, we have created a World Court. We made a big step towards stable peace at Locarno. We are working on more treaties of the same nature. The rapprochement between the former enemies has been indeed remarkable. This business of peace appears to us exceedingly complicated and difficult, we are working at it from every angle. Besides the ceaseless diplomatic work, we are beginning, in a small way, with these international cartels to eliminate the more extreme and dangerous forms of economic rivalry. All our educational authorities are working at it, hoping that the next generation will be less inclined to the war frenzy than its predecessors. We may have been stupid about it, but we certainly have not been idle. If we fail to organize the world on a basis of peace, it will not be because we have not tried.

"Then Mr. Kellogg, who has not shown any very keen or sympathetic interest in our efforts to establish peace, announces to the world that he has discovered a much simpler way of doing it. If we all hold up our right hands and recite in unison: 'I renounce war as an instrument of national policy,' the job will be done. Are you surprised that the proposal does not appeal to our intellects?

"We will sign the treaty which Mr. Kellogg offers. Partly because we do not want to offend your government—not a very dignified reason—and partly because we believe that in time, as circumstances arise, it will be given a meaning, although we cannot as yet see it. It appears to us—if I may use an illustration from your own political life—like an XVIII Amendment without any Volstead Act to enforce it. We all promise that if anybody ever starts a war in the future, we will shake our fingers at them and call them bootleggers."

"Come, come," I interrupted, "You must admit that there is a difference. Europeans do not want a war half as much as most Americans want a drink."

My hope of lightening the conversation by this weak attempt at a jest was deceived. My friend flushed angrily. He was evidently at pains not to let his feelings get the better of him.

"What is it," he demanded, "that makes you talk and think like that? Is it your Puritan tradition? It seems medieval to us. Can you think only in terms of sin and virtue? Do you really think that the serious menace of war comes from naughty men who want war and that all there is to this problem is to persuade these naughty men to renounce their sinful ways?

"No, if we allowed ourselves to

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believe that that is what you think of us, we could not help feeling that it was so insulting—so undeservedly insulting—that we would lose our tempers completely and that is one thing which no friend of peace can afford to do.

"At best it is rather hard for us to keep our tempers when Mr. Kellogg asks us to *renounce* war—as though it were something sinful but attractive—like making love to your neighbor's wife. Does he really think that we Europeans are so depraved that we like war—that it would be an act of self-denial for us to give it up, to renounce it?

"To us, who have been working as wisely and as earnestly as we know how to stabilize peace—and we have made progress—that does not seem to be the trouble. We are not worrying about those pathological few who want war. Our problem is how to realize the hopes of the great majority of people who want peace. I doubt if there was ever time when the great mass did not yearn for peace, yet neither we nor our fathers nor our ancestors of any generation have discovered how to insure it.

"It is rather as though Mr. Kellogg should ask us to sign a treaty to renounce poverty. Probably as many people have suffered from poverty through the centuries as have suffered from war. But to solemnly renounce poverty would not give us prosperity. That also is a problem which the statesmen of this Old World must face. We never were as rich as you are and the war has made us poorer. We have a tremendous task—not of words and formulas—to build up a decent prosperity for our people. Here we must stimulate one industry, while in another we are producing more than we can sell. Take this last report of the British coal industry. Nearly a quarter of a million miners for whom there is no hope of work at the trade they know. Somehow they and their families must be moved to other gainful occupations. Every country in Europe is facing similar problems, unemployed, currency dislocation, crises of one kind or another. There is no panacea. All we can hope for is gradual amelioration. Building up a little here, a little there. Renouncing poverty will not help us. Charles Darwin took for his motto: 'Dogged does it.' That is the only way we'll regain prosperity.

"And so we feel about this problem of war. It is hard for us to keep our tempers when you ask us to renounce it. The implication that we like it stings. I am sorry that I showed my temper. We won't get anywhere by getting mad. And it really does not matter so much that we get irritated when Uncle Sam talks to us like naughty children. The thing which is important is to make your people realize—to go on trying doggedly even when we fail—to make your people realize that we are terribly in earnest in this work for peace. Our way may seem wrong to you, but it is vastly important to us that you should understand what we are trying to do.

"We think of peace just as you do of prosperity. It is not something that will happen. It won't come to us from wishing. War and poverty are devastating. If we do not get rid of them, they will get rid of us. No end of people have thought up clever, nice sounding, Utopian schemes to get rid of them. But they did not work. We're disillusioned about easy schemes. We've settled down to the hard way. The coral insect way. Much of what we have to do is piecemeal. Little jobs. Keeping the precarious peace in the Balkans from degenerating into war. Trying to reconcile the interests of the Poles and Germans in Danzig. Some of the work we are doing is more fundamental. Rooting down into the deep causes of conflict and removing now one, now another. Building up a little international law here and there. Persuading oil men to cooperate instead of competing. Above all, working at education—trying to make this great motive of patriotism blossom out into something finer than crude, combative nationalism.

"We are at work building up—and making men used to—the organization and the instrumentalities of peace. We need new officers to regulate the traffic between nations, just as we have had to organize traffic policemen at our street corners to prevent collisions. And all the time, through all these means, we must touch the minds of men, gradually change the patterns of their thought.

"We will sign the treaty, of course, although we do not think that it will help us much, nor make our work more easy. You started out by asking what we thought about the treaty. Some of what we think had better not be said. I apologize for having shown my own resentment at what we all think the insulting implication of the phrases Mr. Kellogg has used. Leaving that aside, we think there is little in the proposal but words. It will not do much to decrease the probabilities of war—we will have to continue, just as before, working our hardest to organize peace. Calling a criminal an 'outlaw' does not do much good unless you have some machinery for arresting him and locking him up. With no enforcement act,

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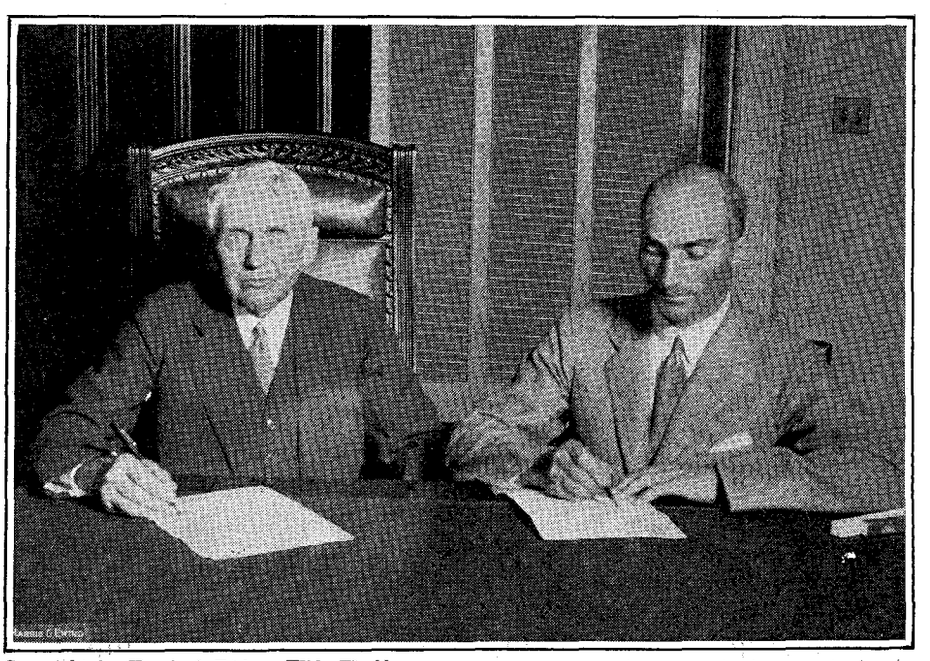

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SECRETARY KELLOGG
Signing The Third Treaty with The Polish Minister

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How Sweden Does It

By EINAR ROSENBORG

The specific proposals for liquor regulation, as proposed by Governor Smith, are open to discussion; in fact, the chief merit of his plan is that at last we have a basis for much needed discussion. Before we get through we shall hear much about the experience of other countries. Here is the way Sweden does it—and to what effect. The author is a former vice-president of the Swedish system of regulation.

WHILE the battleaxes and shillelahs crash in the debate over American prohibition, it is interesting to consider Sweden's experience with a system which is neither rationing nor completely dry. In this country alcoholic beverages are accessible in accordance with the individual's competence to consume them without abusing the privilege.

Under a passbook system persons may obtain intoxicants up to a prescribed maximum, so long as they demonstrate that they are not using it to excess. Drunkenness is disciplined by revocation of the passbook. These methods have been in full effect for about as long as prohibition in America, and while there are objectors, they appear to be successful. There is little or no bootlegging. Available statistics reveal highly improved social conditions.

In the Swedish law there is this unique characteristic, that it evades generalization. It is not assumed, as in most systems of rationing, that one person is of the same alcoholic capacity —to manufacture a phrase—as every other person. The system takes account of personal variations. It is an attribute of law that it must be more definite and certain than nature itself. In republican countries, for example, the privilege of suffrage is fixed by drawing an arbitrary line across the calendar. At a certain age, no sooner, one may vote; although it is obvious that some persons are qualified in judgment and integrity to cast the ballot earlier, while others may not mature until much later. Swedish regulation of liquor escapes that fault.

Not a lawyer but a physician applied this new principle: Dr. Ivan Bratt, now fifty years of age. He began with the notion that general prohibition is not an effective remedy for the injurious effects of alcohol. The community, he thought, should endeavor to establish an individual relation with each member. It must acquire, in this particular at least, a certain degree of knowledge of each one. And from that premise he devised his system.

Under this system the importation, manufacture and sale of wines and spirits is a monopoly. Semi-public companies acquire the necessary concessions from the local government authorities. They are not profit-making concerns, and the public-spirited share-holders get only a moderate return on their investment. All surplus profit goes to the State.

Only those persons who obtain special permission may purchase alcoholic beverages for home consumption, and in Sweden this represents nine-tenths of the traffic. Every purchaser is registered; his right to purchase is regulated, in proportion to his personal circumstances and personal characteristics, up to a certain maximum. Every purchase is registered in the passbook, and the sale of intoxicants is strictly individualized.

The saloon has been abolished by a method not unfamiliar to other countries. The sale of intoxicants for immediate consumption is restricted to restaurants or hotels on condition of taking a meal; and only a limited amount may be served to each guest. Neat and orderly restaurants have supplanted the old public houses, and anyone abusing alcohol in such a place loses the right to purchase even for home consumption.

Communal temperance committees have been organized to influence, if they can, those who abuse alcohol, and restore them to a temperate way of living. If they fail, and a drunkard becomes a nuisance to his family or to the community, they see that he is taken for treatment and restraint in a public institution.

These, boldly, are the bases of the system. On Dr. Bratt's initiative first one community, then another, was induced to give it a trial. The experiment began, in this gradual fashion, some fifteen years ago. After five years of trial the system was nationalized; but for a reason which will presently become apparent, there was a period during which it was not fully operative.

The administrative apparatus is now in full working order. The problem of organization has been solved. But from 1917 to 1919, when shortage of raw materials and the wartime commercial blockade forced a drastic rationing of intoxicants, Sweden experienced some of the ill effects which have attended complete prohibition elsewhere. The legal maximum was cut down to about a pint a month, and for a little while extremely advantageous results were observed. But after a few months drunkenness began to increase, especially in the larger towns, and the hospitals reported many more cases of acute alcoholism. Bootleggers sprang up, and illicit distillation spread abroad like a pestilence. It began to appear that the gains of regulation would be quite lost. In 1920 the supply of intoxicants again became normal, the original passbook system was reintroduced, and the illicit distillation of intoxicants decreased.

It would not be accurate to say that this was done all at once. Currency conditions in some of the Baltic States were such as to make extremely profitable the smuggling of liquor into the Scandinavian countries. Only during the last two or three years has it proved possible to reduce this smuggling considerably, and even to put a complete stop to it.

Doctor Bratt regards his system as primarily educational. Has it served also its economic, physical and social purposes? What has it done in making Sweden a sober country?

To answer these questions we must turn to statistics, and due allowance must be made for other factors than temperance. In order to give a more complete picture, I will consider the whole period since 1913, without attempting to avoid the two years when the Bratt plan did not have a fair trial. In 1913 Sweden had a population of 5,600,000. At the end of 1926, this figure had risen to six millions, and the increase was almost entirely of persons more than twenty-five years old. The Swedish birthrate is practically stationary, and it cannot be said that

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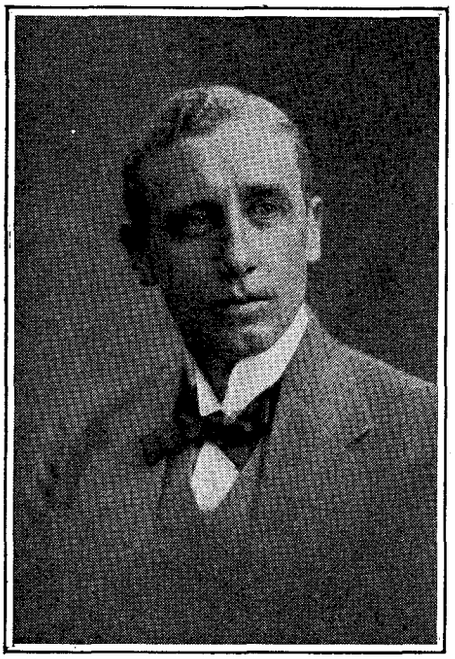


DR. IVAN BRATT

it is in excess of the death rate. As a fact, the number of children born is now declining. The increase in population is due, therefore, to restrictions on emigration and to a diminished death rate, which means that the increase falls within groups of an age to use alcohol.

It is the urban population which has increased. The rural population has stood still. The trade in alcohol is almost exclusively confined to the towns, which means that intoxicants have been made accessible to a larger number of persons than in 1913, And as the towns are better policed than the country, there has been, presumably, a better supervision and registration of cases of drunkenness. The automobile has done something to increase communication between the countryside and the urban centers; Sweden, which in 1913 had but few motors, had at the end of last year 110,000. The rural districts are no longer so fully isolated, and undoubtedly country folk do get to the towns and restaurants where intoxicants are sold.

Long known as "the land of peasants", Sweden is being industrialized; this, of course, accounts for the growth of the towns. There have been crises as regards food-stuffs, currency and manufacture. Political democracy has been achieved in the Chamber of the Riksdag, then in local government, then in the elections to the First Chamber.

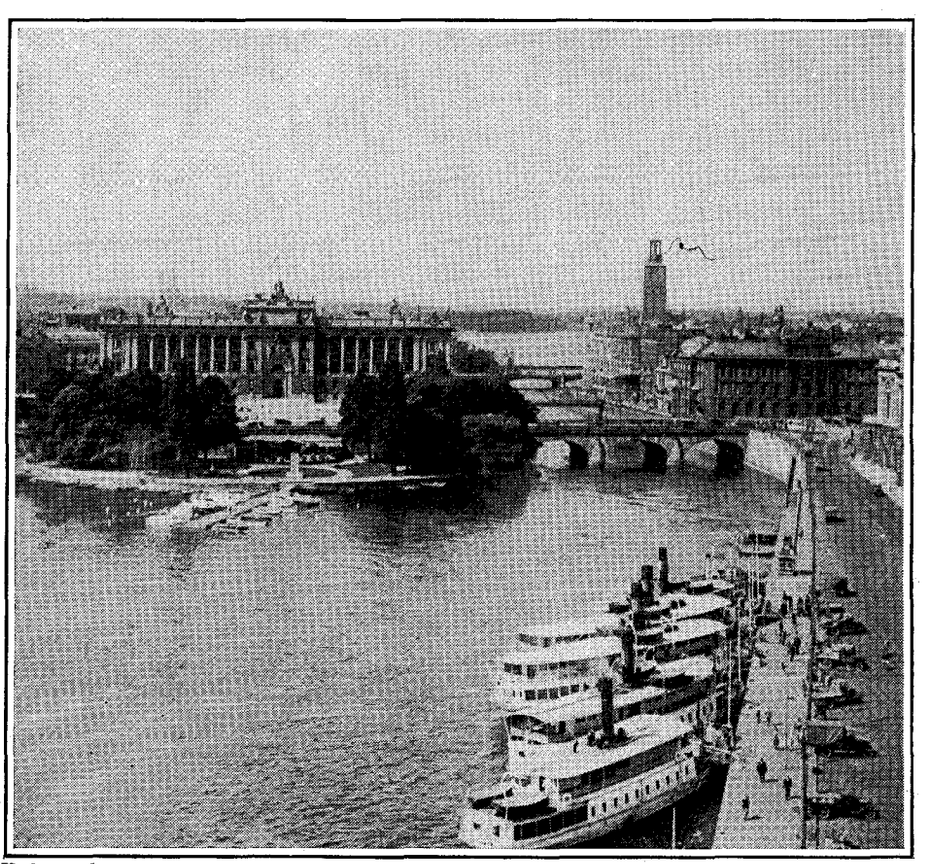
Now, during the period we are considering, deposits in private savings-banks and in the Post-office savings-bank have considerably more than doubled: to be exact, from 1,039,000,000 kronen in 1913 to 2,811,000,000 in 1926. During the same period the membership of the labor unions more than quadrupled; and this has a bearing because the value of the schooling given to workingmen by the trades-unions can hardly be overestimated. It is noteworthy that the membership of the unions, at first favorable to prohibition, is now in opposition.

More than that, two plebescites on prohibition have been arranged at intercals of twelve years. The first, at the close of 1909, was organized by the prohibition advocates in Sweden, and the vote stood more than 1,800,000 to less than 20,000 in favor of the wets. The second, arranged by the State, was held in 1922, when the vote stood 889,000 in favor of total prohibition to 924,000 against it.

This overturn in opinion has affected the prohibition organizations themselves. Before the World War they had a membership of half a million; in 1926 the figure stood at 360,000. It would be unfair to assume that this decline is of decisive importance; it does seem symptomatic. And it might have been more marked had the Bratt system gone into effect as smoothly, after 1920, as my presentation may unintentionally have made it appear. As a fact the State authority which supervises the operation of the local companies had difficulty drumming into more than one of them the precise method of practice. Detailed advice and instructions were supplied, but years passed before these were followed with precision in all cases. It has been difficult, too, to get communal temperance committees to function; many of them existed for a long while only on paper.

A table showing the consumption of intoxicants for three years before the Bratt system was put into effect, and for the last three years for which figures are available, will be useful in determining its effect. The first column will show consumption for 1911-13 inclusive; the last period 1925-27 inclusive; and it is proper to give also the figures for Stockholm, the capital and largest city, which has half a million people. In certain cases Stockholm statistics are available when none can be obtained for the country

(Please Turn to Page 798)



Underwood

A VIEW OF STOCKHOLM

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Such As?

More About "Moth and Rust in the Sunday School"

By MARIAN HURD McNEELY

The author writes us that she has received a good deal of mail since publication of "Moth and Rust in the Sunday School." "Almost all" she says, "asked for suggestions." Not one was resentful of criticism. It is evident that churches everywhere are not only recognizing the moth holes but seeking a remedy. In our opinion Mrs. McNeely suggests some sound remedies.

A CRITIC is like a dog tied on a long leash. He wanders here and there at will, digging holes, upsetting garden furniture and scratching up flower beds. The world is his, until, all of a sudden, he comes to the end of his rope; and that's what happens to a critic when he goes about under-mining things, exposing faults, finding flaws, suggesting changes. Some one says: "Such as what?" Then the rope tightens about the critic's neck, and shuts off his bark. "Spang!" as Uncle Remus would say.

"Moth and Rust in the Sunday School," which appeared in The Outlook a few weeks ago, was not so much a criticism of religious methods as it was a plea for help. I was seeking advice about how to keep my children in Sunday School; how to make them willing to attend. Not one solution to that problem did I receive. Instead I was snowed under by communications from church workers. Courteous they were; reasonable and logical. Most of them admitted that my objections were well-founded. But they invariably came back at me with the questions: *"Then* what? What changes in the Sunday School would you suggest?" I quote from one of the letters, written by Park Hays Miller, associate editor of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education:

"Religious education is infinitely complex. Children and youth are always impossible. Leaders are ever inefficient. The greatest monument to the grace of God is the kind of characters such Christian educators and their weak methods have developed. I do not mean this as an argument against the best that can be provided . . .

"'Moth and Rust in the Sunday School' is worth reading. Articles of this kind tell what leaders in religious education already know and have been struggling with. Note the remedy proposed by the author. It is in terms of generalities. Why does she not outline a curriculum, suggest particular musicians and music, tell exactly what to do? Ah, there's the rub."

Here is a direct challenge, certainly strong enough to set a critic's hair bristling and make him tug at the end of his rope. But it is in no such spirit that I answer. No one could be humbler than I about advising upon religious subjects. I am a housewife, not a minister; a mother, not a trained church worker. I have a few ideas about Sunday Schools which I have gathered from the memories of the time when I was a pupil, and from what my children, who are now pupils, tell me. I offer them diffidently, with a feeling that they are not of great value or they would have been adopted long ago.

The chief objection that is given in the letters I have received is that the changes I suggest cost money. The church is not a wealthy organization, my correspondents say; it is dependent upon contributions for support. Most congregations are struggling for existence. To this I respond that the reason they are poor is that they are living beyond their means. They are trying to spread their religion over Persia, India, China; to clothe the Indians; to feed the negroes. In the meantime the cupboard is bare at home. My objection to most foreign missionary work is not from a religious standpoint, but an economic one. No grocer thinks of opening an annex until his original store is on a firm basis. I feel that sending cream to the Chinese heathen, and feeding our own boys and girls skimmed milk, is not alone poor economy, but may result in giving us the heathen right here, instead of in China.

The letters say that Sunday Schools are handicapped by the fact that their helpers are not paid; that their musicians and teachers are untrained, volunteer workers; that it is impossible to get good results from inexperienced leaders. All of this is true. But until we can afford to engage trained and salaried workers for our children there are two methods of getting the best that the country has to offer in the way of speakers and musicians. There are few schools that could not own a radio or a victrola, or both. The greatest enemy of the church could easily be made its best friend. It is the moving picture that subtracts from our evening congregations; that takes from our pews to fill our cinema houses. Why not tame this dragon and break it to Sunday School harness, thereby destroying a rival, as well as cultivating a new acquaintance? The ideal way, of course, would be to get our Barries, our Milnes, our O'Neills to use their genius for Biblical interpretation, and write our religious drama for the church movies. Impossible, with present church funds, you say. What if three thousand churches united in a request to a picture-making company? I feel sure that there would be a favorable reply. And, in the meantime, why not use the best material we have? The moving picture machine, which makes colored photography, is now on the market at a price within the reach of most churches. Biblical stories, acted in the church organizations, can now be reproduced. Your local playwright doesn't have to be an experienced writer to produce something that people would be interested to see.

As for music, if I am to be specific rather than general, I suggest the following for impecunious schools that want better singing: Songs of one verse —certainly not more than two verses— each, by a famous vocalist, over radio or victrola. For congregational singing none of the old, drawling "Alas, and Did My Saviour Bleed" songs, written by people who were more religious than musical; let us have swinging melody that children love. I can't be any more specific without getting within range of The Outlook advertising man's gun, but I know a place where such music can be obtained. In a little Wisconsin town near my home live a man and a

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woman who are turning our simple, easy-to-play-and-sing melodies, with a rhythm and a lilt that children adore. If I were running a Sunday School I would send to them for songs that should be brief, inspirational and ringing. There must be other musicians that are doing the same work. I should think that by uniting Sunday Schools could have their own words set to music without prohibitive expense.

I would keep everything in the service short—songs, prayers, addresses. Children are as restless as adults are long-winded. As far as possible I would turn the Sunday programs over to the children, encouraging them to write their own form of service and prayers. That would do much to divest the program of the artificiality of which the children complain.

I would not try to make everything on the Sunday School program purely Biblical, but in every service would lay emphasis upon religion as inseparable from life. I would encourage in the Sunday School the study of social problems, the study of science in connection with religion, the use of modern psychology. I would advocate the study of the religious aspect of world affairs. By connecting the children's daily life with their religion, I would connect their religion with their daily life. The New Testament I would use as a text book; of the Old Testament I would use only such parts as bear upon daily living. Religion should not be a Sunday dinner, tasted once a week, but a homely cupboard to which we turn for sustenance and for relief from daily hunger. Religion is only worth to a child what it offers him in comfort and inspiration, and as physical life changes the spiritual life must change with it. The problems of today are not what they were in our father's time, and religion must meet those new problems, or fail in its ends.

By the introduction of these modern topics two things would be accomplished: In the first place, it would be easier to secure trained helpers in the Sunday School. Many people who would hesitate to talk to a congregation on religion, pure and simple, would be willing to talk on spiritual life as related to science, psychology or social problems. For instance, an archeologist who would not, and could not, give a spiritual talk might be able to make a vivid and inspiring address on Biblical stories which his own excavations had proved. High school teachers and college professors could discuss the divine plan as related to their own particular branch of science.

Secondly, the young people would be interested, as they are not now. Whether it be for the worse or the better, it is certain that a change has come to the young people of Sunday School age. They demand more than they are receiving. They are frankly bored by the story of Moses in the bulrushes. King Solomon is nothing in their young lives. They want an application of religion to modern problems, a religion that shall help them to live, love and work; a spiritual life that will be a help in social relations, in sex living, in business ethics, in political activities. There is no factor of living too small, too insignificant to be considered in its aspect to religion.

There is nothing sacreligious in this demand for modern spiritual education for modern times. The teachings of Christ, when he came upon earth, were the most radical that the world had ever known. He did not seek to heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing or minister to the suffering by quoting the Old Testament at them. He met the condition of that day with solutions that fitted the time, in the vernacular of the people, with a modernity that must have been startling to the Scribes and the Pharisees. There were times that the Jewish elders complained of Christ's teaching, just as the reactionaries complain of youth today: Jesus broke the law by healing on the Sabbath day, they said; by eating the shew bread which the church reserved for priests. His disciples, they complained, failed to wash their hands before eating, as Jewish tradition ordered.

And this was his answer:

"For out of the heart come evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, railings. These are the things which defile a man, but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man."

The problems of life are not those that the churches make much of, baptism, the Trinity, predestination, the Lord's Supper. They are, as in Christ's time, "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness and railings." No church can live that does not recognize these things and meet these things. The past generation sought of religion a passport to death; youth is demanding of it a weapon for life. If the Sunday Schools are to exist they must ally themselves with the science and the psychology that our children are learning in the public schools. They must be willing to teach religion, not alone in its relation to heaven, but in its relation to politics, to penal institutions, to the labor question, to love. That is what youth is demanding of the Sunday School, and there is nothing in the demand that should grate upon religious sensibilities. For the young people are only seeking what Christ taught—a religion that shall be practical, not abstract; simple, not abstruse; and as common as life itself.

Our Movie List

"The Actress".—A good screening of "Trelawny of The Wells".
"The Big Killing".—The last Beery and Hatton comedy. Not so good.
"The Cossacks".—John Gilbert just smilin' through a medium picture.
"Dawn".—It's a wonderful piece of work; don't miss it.
"The Drag Net".—A grand crook play, acted to the hilt.
"Drums of Love".—Lionel Barrymore giving a star performance on a large scale.
"Fazil".—Charles Farrell, Greta Nissen and George W. Hokum, himself.
"Forbidden Hours".—Ramon Navarro is just dreadful to Renee Adoree.
"Forgotten Faces".—Clive Brook is splendid and so is the picture. See for yourself.
"Four Sons".—A fine film, spoiled by sentimentality and excessive length.
"Four Walls".—John Gilbert is fine, but the plot is decidedly draggy.
"Glorious Betsy".—A talking picture; good only in spots.
"Hot News".—We found it interesting and amusing throughout. Bebe Daniels stars.
"Ladies of the Mob".—Clara Bow keeps her shirt on and attends to her acting.
"The Lights of New York".—The first all-talking picture. See "The Terror", instead.
"Lost in the Arctic".—An authentic and moving record of Polar travel. Excellent.
"Loves of an Actress".—Pola's (allegedly) last picture. Good here!
"The Man Who Laughs".—A grand picture—entertaining and impressive.
"The Mysterious Lady".—They've given the one and only Greta Garbo a good vehicle.
"Out Of the Ruins".—Richard Barthelmess and Marian Nixon make this a fine show.
"The Patriot".—The picture of the year. With Emil Jannings, Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor
"Powder My Back".—A nice but not naughty little farce, with Irene Rich.
"The Racket".—Thomas Meighan comes back with a resounding smack.
"Ramona".—If you like the song you'll probably like the picture.
"The Red Dance".—Dolores Del Rio, Charles Farrel and some muscular direction by Raoul Walsh.
"The Scarlet Lady".—A hopeless try at another Russian picture.
"Simba".—The king of beasts and his subjects thrillingly shot by the Martin Johnsons.
"Skyscraper".—A thoroughly engrossing little story. Fine work by William Boyd, Sue Carol and Alan Hale.
"Steamboat Bill, Jr.".—The best Buster Keaton comedy in years.
"Street Angel".—Considerable beauty and considerable bunk.
"The Street of Sin".—The less said, the better.
"Telling the World".—They've managed at last to give William Haines a good picture.
"Tempest".—John Barrymore makes a new reputation for himself as a movie actor.
"The Terror".—By far the best of all the talkies A foretaste of the future.
"The Trail of '98".—A big epic of the Yukon, with some startlingly fine scenes.
"Two Lovers".—A well-played costume romance Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky are in it
"Warming Up".—Richard Dix in a good light comedy about baseball, with strange sound effects.
"Wheel of Chance".—Richard Barthelmess gives a fine performance in a double role.
"White Shadows in the South Seas".—There's so much in it that's good, you should see it.

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Lucy Goes to Africa

By LUCY HARVIE POPE

MY yelp of delight as I read the letter caused Lazarus, the elevator boy, to leap six inches into the air—a record in motion for him. Lazarus is very black, and his name is particularly appropriate, for after you have waited for the elevator to creep up from the depths of the basement, you feel as if some one had literally been raised from the dead.

I waved the letter under his startled nose.

"What do you think, Lazarus?" I cried. "I'm going to Africa to live!"

Lazarus's eyes popped, then rolled skyward.

"Oh, lawdy, Miss Lucy," he moaned. "Don't you do it! You goin' be et by camels!"

The piquant idea of forming a light lunch for a placid dromedary caused me to giggle rudely. Lazarus was still shaking his head as I left the elevator.

"Bes' lef' dem camels alone, Miss Lucy, dey shore mean bizness!"

My cook, on whom I next burst the glad news, took another view.

"You goin' to Afr'can?" she exclaimed. "Unh-hunh!" with the negro's peculiarly resonant note of protest, "You an' gain' lak it, chile; you ain' use to it. Take me, now, I'se use to it—das all right—but you ain' borned day way. Whut yo' Papa goin' say, honey, when you comes back all black up?"

These naïve comments were only the beginning. Every one has something to offer on the subject of living in Africa. Try telling people you're going there, and you'll see what I mean. Most people start by asking one of two questions:

"Why do you want to go so far away?" and "What on earth are you going to *do* when you get there?"

The first answer is easy. I was born with a passion for going. The family have often said that if I ever have a crest, it should show a hat, rampant on a field of suitcases, with the words, "Let's go!" emblazoned beneath.

The second question calls for more thought. Actually, I am going to be secretary to the Manager of a big new copper mining property, that is being developed in Northern Rhodesia. Working for a busy official on a pioneering job sounds like a lot in itself, but it apparently doesn't even scratch the surface of the possibilities. I've found that out.

Suggestions on how to use my spare time pour in. Practically every one has a suggestion. Even those who ask what I shall do usually follow it up by saying brightly:

"Why don't you make a collection of butterflies?"

Perhaps I shall make a collection of butterflies. Perhaps I shall follow all of the other suggestions, too. Why not? Satan is said to find more mischief for idle hands in the tropics than elsewhere; it might be well to take no chances.

Therefore, I shall probably be variously occupied in taking moving pictures like Mrs. Martin Johnson; selling toilet soap to the natives on a commission basis; writing articles on the Back to Africa Movement Among American Negroes; checking up the facts on Trader Horn; tracing the Black Bottom; hunting big game; studying Swahili in its relation to Gullah; tagging birds for the Audubon Society; taking correspondence courses in basket weaving, truck farming and philosophy; looking around for stray diamonds; catching elephants for the circus; exterminating the tsetse fly and organizing a native baseball team.

These activities ought to keep my spare time fairly well occupied.

Then aside from suggestions, you get a good many warnings. Africa seems to call for warnings; no wonder it's known as the dark continent. If being forewarned is really being forearmed, I shall be prepared to cope with sunstroke, fleas, voodooism, lions, sleeping sickness, ants, floods, native uprisings, malaria, centipedes, crocodiles, smallpox, cannibals, elephants, and the Prince of Wales, who is expected to visit South Africa in the fall.

A minor problem that arises in connection with life in a South African mining camp is that of clothes. There isn't any literature on what the well-dressed secretary will—or will not—wear in the jungle. The correct sport costume is said to be shorts and a cork helmet, but somehow that hardly seems adequate for an office.

The wife of an engineer already out there writes that everything must be white, first because the sun bleaches color, and secondly because of the native laundry method, which consists of taking the things out on a rock in the river, and beating them heartily with a stick. Crocodiles hover around meanwhile, waiting for a chance to snatch the garments away. With honors for damages even between the crocodiles and the natives, canvas is unmistakably indicated as the best all round material for general wear.

The evening costume of course is easy; the majority of pioneers being English, and English pioneers being what they are. Full evening dress is the thing. I know of two American engineers, who went to an English mine in Africa. Having worked for some ten years in the rough and ready mining camps of the Western United States, they did not own so much as a Tuxedo between them. In London, on their way out, they were kindly but firmly taken to the best tailor, and inserted into the latest wrinkle in evening outfits. This in preparation for work under primitive living conditions at an isolated outpost of civilization. As the National Anthem so aptly puts it, "Long live the king!"

The native boys who supply service to the foreigner in Northern Rhodesia must be a delightful set of characters. They speak Swahili, which, according to a Swahili grammar that I've seen, consists largely in clucking like an agitated hen. It should be an easy language to speak; possibly not so easy to understand.

The wife of the engineer mentioned before wrote that she was startled to find her black boys calling her "mama." She was dubious about the propriety of allowing them to do this, until she was told that it was a token of the highest esteem and respect. Even so, it might be regarded by some as a doubtful compliment.

The uniform worn by the boys in domestic service is described by those who have seen it as simple but effective. A single garment cut on the general lines of a night gown forms the chief item. Striking the leg midway between the hip and the knee, it is topped by a round, fez-like cap, on which is proudly displayed the insignia of the family for whom the boy works. The higher the

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The World This Week

Labor Leans To Smith

"I REALIZE that you have been fortunate in having as Governor of this great State—"

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, was addressing New York labor men at their convention in Rochester. He got no further for the moment. Delegates were on their feet, cheering.

"—one who was in sympathy with your social justice program and who assisted in securing the passage of much of this legislation," he resumed, when the delegates had let the noise out of their systems.

"I am glad that a study of the record shows that the working men and women of this state expressed their appreciation by voting for him almost unanimously in every campaign in which he has figured.

"While the American Federation of Labor is committed to a non-partisan policy in this campaign, I am convinced that Governor Smith's speech of acceptance and his reference to the abuse of injunctions has made a deep impression in every industrial State.

It is the purpose of the American Federation of Labor, Mr. Green continued, to acquaint its members with the speeches of both candidates, their records in matters affecting labor, and then leave the subject to their political conscience.

"And I am satisfied," he concluded, "that when they go to the polls, they will stand by those who stood by them in their hours of need."

Reporters dryly observed that this was really a non-partisan speech, since Mr. Green did not say directly: "Vote for Al Smith".

The convention, however, went over the fence for him, booing down the few Republican delegates who protested that the labor convention was being turned into a political rally. A resolution was adopted calling upon "all organized and unorganized wage earning citizens in this state and in our sister states to install in the White House this tested and proved champion of liberty, equality and justice for all the people of our nation."

There was evidence at Atlantic City a few weeks ago, when the American Federation of Labor was in convention, that Smith sentiment was straining for expression; but at that time the candidates had not spoken and the official decision was to wait and see what they had to say about labor, and especially about injunction relief. Each has since recognized the abuse of the injunction and promised reform; so that Smith's past championship of labor apparently has more weight than the current utterances of either candidate. Then too, the workingman likes his beer.

Friends of Mr. Hoover will comment that labor leaders, like political persons, can not deliver their constituents wholesale; which is true and as it should be.

Free Speech Upheld

RENEWING the broadcasting license of Station WEVD, the Federal Radio Commission has stated its policy concerning free speech on the air.

Station WEVD was established as a memorial to the socialist leader and presidential candidate, Eugene V. Debs. It is engaged in socialistic propaganda but like other stations broadcasts programs for entertainment. It is not an important station.

When the Federal Radio Commission undertook the task of clearing the overcrowded air of superflous stations it included WEVD among those to show cause why they should not be discontinued. There had been complaints from listeners against this station; but after hearing the case for the station the radio commission renewed its license.

There had been some fear that because of the views it promulgated that seemed politically and socially heretical, Governmental authority would be exercised to suppress this station and keep the air orthodox. The fear was groundless. Though the doctrines fostered by the station are disapproved of by some members of the Commission the right of the station to broadcast them is not questioned.

In stating its policy the Federal Radio Commission says it "will not draw the line on any station doing an altruistic piece of work or which is the mouthpiece of a substantial political or religious minority." The Commission adds, "Such a station must of course comply with the requirements of the law and must be conducted with due regard for the opinion of others. There is no evidence that Station WEVD has failed to meet these tests; on the contrary the evidence shows that the station has pursued a very satisfactory policy."

This case may well prove historic as a precedent for freedom of speech on the air.

Prohibition, Big Business and the Campaign

W. C. DURANT, formerly of the General Motors Comporation, now President of Durant Motors, Inc., believes that lawlessness is the great issue—especially "the widespread violation of the liquor law embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment." Instead, however, of urging the abandonment of prohibition, as others have done, he offers a prize of $25,000 for "the best and most practicable plan to make the Eighteenth Amendment effective." The competition will close on December 1 next, and the prize will be awarded on Christmas Day by a committee now being formed.

In his announcement, cabled from Europe, Mr. Durant laid the responsibility upon "big business leaders who have the largest stake in law observance," and yet who "are the chief support of the master criminal class, the bootlegger."

Mr. Durant is an independent Republican who voted for Wilson.

At the same tme, Major H. H. Curran, President of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, a former Republican candidate for Mayor of New York, announced his personal support of Governor Smith on the prohibition issue. Major Curran bases his decision on the same state of lawlessness that Mr. Durant recognizes, as well as on State's rights and indi-

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vidual liberty; but he believes that the cure is in abolishing the law that is violated.

Also at the same time with Mr. Durant's announcement was published the news that another big business man, General James G. Harbord, had retired temporarily from his business position to take, like Mr. Raskob, an active part in politics. He has accepted the post of Chairmanship of a committee to raise funds for the Hoover campaign. In order not to involve the Radio Corporation of America, of which he is President, in politics, he has asked and received a leave of absence from his office without pay till after the election. He holds that business men in America should participate in political activities as they do in Great Britain, for example, and that a citizen's duty to his country continues even "during his employment by business interests." Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the company's board of directors, in announcing the leave of absence, says that "the Radio Corporation of America must not be in politics."

▸▸*Immigration and the Birth-Rate*

PUMP in immigrants and you shut off births. Let out emigrants and you increase births. That, according to a letter from Guy Irving Burch in the New York "Herald Tribune," is the sum of the whole immigration problem.

The conclusion which Mr. Burch reaches is inevitable. If you let in immigrants, be sure that they are a better quality than the native stock. Otherwise keep them out.

His two points stated in his own words are:

"(1) That immigration does not necessarily increase the rate of population growth more rapidly than the native birth rate (births over deaths) without immigration, and

"(2) That emigration in itself is not an effective method of relieving population pressure abroad."

Since the places of emigrants are taken by arrivals by birth, the admission of immigrants from Europe to America does not relieve the pressure of population in European countries. And since our own birth rate is cut down in proportion as we receive immigrants, we are replacing native Americans with aliens. Consequently "modern migration has enabled European peoples to increase at the expense of the American people."

Citing figures to substantiate his statements, Mr. Burch argues that immigration should be "rigidly restricted and highly selective."

Ding in the St. Paul Pioneer Press

THE DAY OF MIRACLES HAS NOT YET PASSED

▸▸*Theological Barnacles*

THERE are any number of explanations why formal religion does not appeal to the younger generation. One of the commonest is that the churches have clung to creeds and practices which the churches themselves no longer believe. A writer in "The Churchman", Thomas F. Opie, points out that one of these out-worn forms is contained in the burial service of the Episcopal Church —a form which this writer declares to be opposed to the whole spirit of Christ's principles and teachings.

The Episcopal Prayerbook forbids Christian burial to unbaptized adults, those who die excommunicate, and those who have committed suicide. This rule inherited from the Episcopal Prayerbook of 1662, Mr. Opie declares to be an affront to intelligent justice and charity.

"Some day," Mr. Opie says, "it may be hoped, the Church will erect standards that are in keeping with the present-day conception of the mind of Christ. Then we shall be able to regulate our thinking and our action more nearly on the basis of the test: 'What would Jesus do, say or think?' Repudiation of some of our archaic inheritances would contribute materially to that end."

When the Church rids itself of these obsolete inheritances, a younger generation, with its lack of patience for dishonesty, and its contempt for the excrescences of traditionalism may find itself more at home within church walls.

Reid in the Eaton, O. Register.

SEEIN' THINGS

▸▸*Blatant Blanton*

THE race for United States Senator from Texas six years ago was between Earle B. Mayfield, Klan, and James E. Ferguson, Anti-Klan. Mayfield won. He took his seat in the Senate after a contest and refused to take orders from the Klan. Now Mayfield supported by his former opponent, Ferguson, has been defeated for nomination in a Democratic run-off by Representative Tom Connolly.

Here is another kink in the Lone Star political situation. Is the Klan in Texas dead or has it rebuked its former favorite? Has former Governor Ferguson lost his grip or was it simply inadequate to offset a determined opposition to Mayfield? These are questions which few men outside of Texas will feel competent to answer and the answers probably would not be important if given. The thing which interests and gratifies a large part of the general public does not pertain to Mayfield or Connolly at all, but to a man whom both of them outran in the first primary. Because he aspired to the Senate and failed, the blatant Blanton will cease to pester the House at the termination of the present Congress.

▸▸*Poor Tools and a Strike*

ANTIQUATED machinery, inadequately repaired, is one reason, according to textile union labor leaders, for the wage cut that employees are resisting by the

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strike in the New Bedford, Massachusetts, mills.

Some of the machinery in many of the New Bedford mills is thirty to forty years old. While it is admitted by assessors that no great changes have been made during the past quarter century in the design of textile machinery, some of the machinery is regarded by the strike leaders as so old and so improperly cared for that it is wasteful of the workers' time and impairs the efficiency of production.

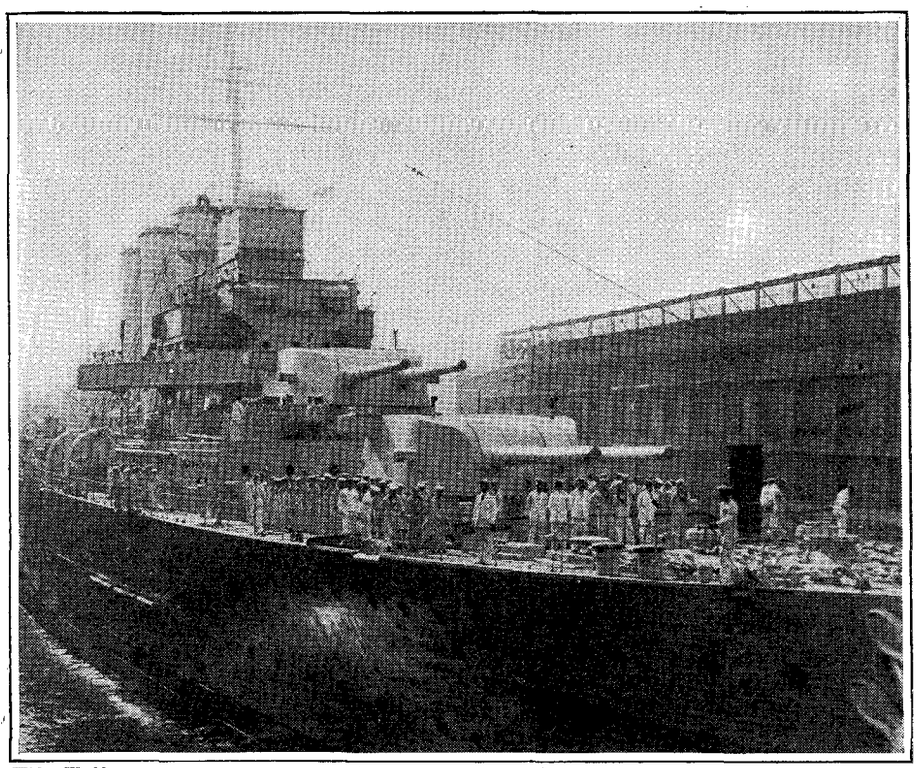
Money that should have gone into machinery has, it is charged, been put into surplus. Special correspondence from New Bedford to the Springfield "Republican" recently reported these charges specifically and in detail. In brief the need of a wage cut is ascribed to bad management.

Citing one mill, the Vice-President of the American Federation of Textile Operators says, "It was built forty-six years ago. You know Henry Ford is building a museum for old machinery. He heard that they had some generators in store when the mill was built. He offered to buy the mill new generators if he could have the old for his museum. Why, there's enough old machinery in New Bedford to fill four museums."

In one mill the batwing pick, which supplies plenty of power but puts unnecessary strain on the loom, is used instead of the mason pick which is smoother and occasions less lost motion. In another mill the older type of mule is still used. Though there is not much difference between the older type than the new, these old mules have not been reconditioned more than once in thirty years. It is claimed that every mule should be taken down and rebuilt each year. Reconditioning is a specialist's job and has apparently been neglected. In another instance there has been a waste because of failure to provide a sufficient number of spindles for the shuttles. Each spindle costs five cents. Repairing a broken spindle costs three and takes about two or three weeks. Consequently machinery is stopped while shuttles are rebuilt because there are often not enough shuttles to substitute a filled one for an empty one.

In New Bedford the tax rate has fallen from a maximum based on $19.50 a spindle in 1924 to $13 in 1927. This indicates what the assessors thought of the condition of the machinery. A newly built mill would cost $35 to $40 a spindle. Antiquated, however, as the machinery is in many of the New Bedford mills, the machinery in Fall River and Lowell, according to the textile operator's national secretary, is still more antiquated.

This strike indicates an entirely different attitude of wage earners toward machinery from that which prevailed not many years ago. Once it was thought that machinery was an enemy of labor and that the more efficient the machinery the greater enemy it was of the worker. Now it is a recognized principle that good tools and efficient, well paid labor go together. This principle is apparently becoming recognized by employees as well as employers. Only the best labor can be entrusted with the best tools. Conversely only the best tools make the use of the best labor economical. A poor tool in the hands of a good workman and a good tool in the hands of a poor workman are alike wasteful. Wherever labor is highly paid the best tools must be used; wherever tools are best labor is most highly paid.



Wide World

FROM THE ANTIPODES

The Australia, New British Warship and Flagship of the Antipodes Fleet, Visits New York

▶▶*Hearst Is Heard From*

The freqently incalculable William Randolph Hearst has made a promise and a prediction; he will support Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith will be defeated because prohibition is a false issue.

In a confession of faith cabled to "The Brooklyn Eagle" Mr. Hearst argues thus:

"Prohibition is in the Constitution. It can only be taken out of the Constitution by three-fourths of the States voting to take it out. All that the President can do is make recommendations which nobobdy will heed . . . The question must be fought out in the States and decided in State campaigns.

"The second reason why I think the Democrats will not be successful is because the people of the United States do not want Tammany in control of the Nation . . . It is bad enough to have Tammany in control of New York. It would be a calamity to have it in control of the Nation.

"My final reason for believing that a false anti-prohibition will not be successful is because there are so many genuine and obvious issues before the public. I think the people of this country clearly realize that the real issue, the ever dominant issue, is the question of their personal wealth and welfare, their material and spiritual benefit."

This is probably the least incalculable pronouncement ever uttered by the publisher. Mr. Hearst has aspired to many offices in the land, and now he cannot even aspire; and the chief cause of his frustration is Governor Smith.

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▶▶Mr. Hoover and Boulder Dam

THOUGH Mr. Hoover has not stated his views on government control of water power, he has started interesting speculations about his views by his remarks on the subject of Boulder Dam. Speaking at Los Angeles, he referred to the need of water supply for that city.

"That can and must be assured," he told the people of Los Angeles, "from the Colorado River in ample time to meet your expanding needs." He also said: "We want the greatest reservoir and the highest dam at Boulder Canyon that the engineers will recommend, and I am hopeful that the project will receive favorable action from the present Congress. I feel deeply that California should meet in every reasonable way the needs and views of the other States in the basin in the final formulation of that legislation."

Private power interests, it has been pointed out, are opposed to the high dam which Mr. Hoover favors. Los Angeles wants it to enable it to pump water over the mountains for its water supply. The power companies naturally are not interested in Los Angeles's water supply. By inference at least Mr. Hoover is in general sympathy with Senator Johnson on the subject and as far as the dam is concerned has taken a view opposite to that of the power companies.

▶▶Philadelphia's Bootleggers

IT is frequently asserted that bootlegging has become one of America's largest industries; but only infrequently do the activities of the authorities offer evidence to support the theory.

A Grand Jury investigation in Philadelphia discloses, however, that the illicit liquor interests are doing things in a big way. It is revealed that during the past year some $10,000,000 was deposited by the bootleggers in a number of financial institutions. Most of the banks were eminently respectable and had no idea of the true nature of their prosperous clients. One of the depositors had given a vacant lot as his address. Another, with a $500,000 account, was apparently living in a stable.

Assistant District Attorney Monaghan, in charge of the inquiry, promises evidence of bribery that "will make the city gasp." A police official has received as much as $25,000, he says. The police have acted as escorts for shipments, have engaged in conspiracies, have profited by assisting in violation of the law. So bold were the members of the "rum ring" that they even kept records of the payments made for protection. These, it is promised, will shortly be made public.

Keystone

BURMA'S FIRST WOMAN JUDGE

Miss Daw Hme Khin, Just Appointed a Judge of The Rangoon High Court

▶▶New Jersey's Motor Laws

EVERY one who drives an automobile is aware that at the present time it is impossible to be familiar with, even impossible to obey, the numberless statutes and ordinances supposed to insure a degree of safety on the streets and highways.

In the great majority of states motor vehicle control is shared by the state, county, city and village governments. What is legal in one place may be illegal ten miles down the road. Almost universally, the speed limits are far too low. It is literally true that in some of the larger cities a driver who obeyed the supposed speed law would be arrested for obstructing traffic.

The State of New Jersey, with its new law now in effect, would seem to be pointing a way out of the tangle. The law is statewide. Speed limits are increased and a uniform system of sign signals and colors has been devised. In the open country traffic may move at forty miles an hour. Jaywalking is prohibited. "Hitch-hiking," not only a nuisance on all roads but a frequent preliminary to robbery, is forbidden. Pedestrians have the right of way except where crossings are controlled by lights or a traffic officer.

New Jersey's sensible effort toward highway safety will be watched with interest. Some of the details may be unwise, but the law has the merit of uniformity and clarity.

▶▶White and Black in Africa

WHAT is the incursion of white men and their ways doing to native Africans? A lively debate on the subject took place at one of the sessions of the Williamstown Institute of Politics.

Dr. Raymond Buell of the Foreign Policy Association held that the next quarter century would make of the Dark Continent "the scene of a great inter-racial war or of a great experiment in inter-racial co-operation."

The pessimists, led by Dr. Buell, declared that disorganization of native life had been caused by moving large groups of men away from their villages to work in industrial centres; that homes and families were broken up; that sleeping sickness had spread from the coast to the interior.

The optimists denied that Africa is dominated by economic and imperialistic groups for the benefit of the capitalistic class. They cited Belgium's recent rule of the Congo region as wise and helpful; whereas under Leopold II the Congo was a disgrace to humanity, now only ten per cent of labor may be taken away from villages and small farming is encouraged. Professor Fay of the University of Toronto said that the British in the past quarter of a century had raised the Gold Coast from cannibalism and slave raiding, "a land of hideous nightmare," to a region of peace and prosperity, without doing away with the native tribal system.

Dr. Buell saw in the Firestone rubber project in Liberia a scheme to "exploit the blacks of Liberia by a type of forced labor akin to slavery for the cheap production of rubber to benefit an American tire manufacturer, supported by the American Government."

Not only this, but he asserted that Secretary Hoover's statement about the world rubber situation, made when the British tried by the Stevenson plan to fix the world-price of rubber to American disadvantage, had been taken by the Liberian government as an official

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utterance of the United States. In reply to this charge by Dr. Buell, our State Department through Mr. Castle, Acting Secretary, said that the Department had taken no greater part in the Liberian loan than it does in any foreign loan.

▶▶Philippine Developments

EVIDENCE of increasing cooperation between the executive, representing the United States, and the Philippine Legislature accumulates. The latest is an order issued by Governor General Stimson creating a Council of State. This Council will include in its membership the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the majority floor leaders in both House and Senate, and the heads of the six executive departments.

Under Governor General Harrison there grew up a Council of State which had, or rather acquired, executive powers. Because of the friction that ensued, this executive Council was abolished by Governor General Wood. Though essentially like the old Council in membership, the one which Colonel Stimson has created has no executive powers but is purely advisory.

Creation of this new body, nevertheless, marks an advance in the relations between the authority of the United States and the political power of the Philippine Legislature and its leaders. It indicates the spirit with which Colonel Stimson has taken up his post, and it indicates the responsive spirit of the Filipinos in power.

▶▶Marshal Fayolle

MARSHAL Marie Emile Fayolle is first to die of the Field Marshals of France in the World War. His greatest achievement, in dramatic results if not in military strategy, was in what he did in executing the plans for the successful counter-offensive that ended in driving the German forces out of France. Under him served many thousands of Americans and he paid unstinted tribute to their ability and courage. He called them "the finest men physically" that he had ever seen and said of them that their courage had to be "restrained instead of fanned." At the funeral services, when Marshal Fayolle's body was placed near the tomb of Napoleon in Les Invalides four Marshals of France (all the others except Joffre, absent because of illness) were the pallbearers.

▶▶Joe T. Rationalizes

THE weather being what it is, what it has been, and what, at this writing, it seems likely to be forever, it doesn't seem probable that the American people glued their ears or their eyes to the speech with which the Hon. Joe T. Robinson accepted his vice-presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket.

For those who did, however, there was a reward. Senator Robinson, a professing dry, finds it possible to go along with Governor Smith for the following reasons: first, because the Republican Party has not enforced the Volstead Act; second, because Andrew Mellon used to be in the liquor business himself; third, because the Hon. Bill Vare, who started the landslide for Hoover at Kansas City, claimed election to the United States Senate on a single-plank platform — prohibition; fourth, because Smith can talk modification but only the people can modify

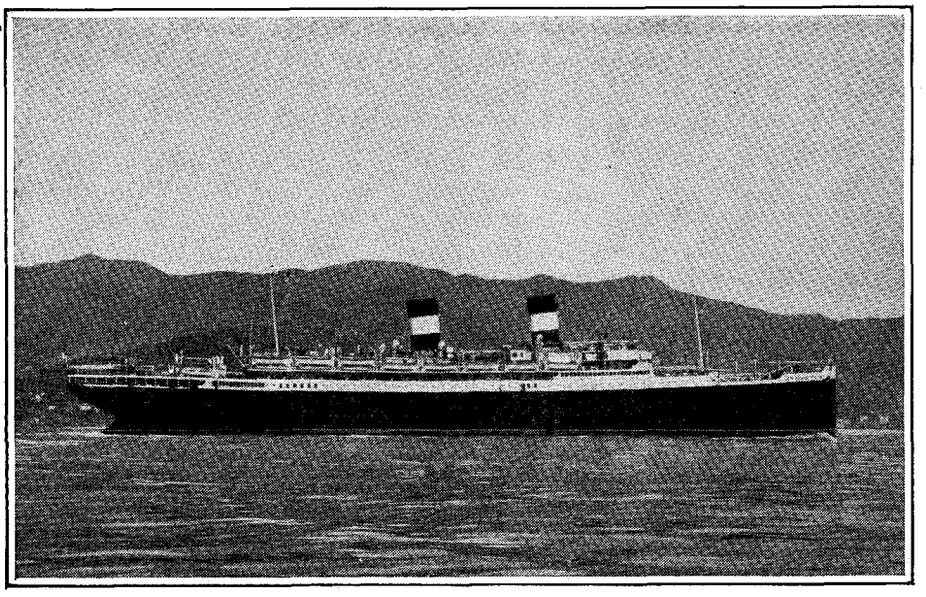
Even a layman can appreciate first class, high grade, A Number One rationalizing.

▶▶Pushing Life Further Back

FOR the second time within the past few months press dispatches from Australia have contained the statement that rocks containing fossils millions of years older than any so far classified by science, have been found in strata older than the Cambrian Period of the geologists. This may turn out on investigation to be the case, but it is not likely to go unchallenged by American and Canadian geologists.

The Cambrian Period is believed to have begun about 500,000,000 years ago, according to the time scale calculated by the virtually accepted method of radioactive changes in the rocks. However, standard textbooks of geology describe fossils still more ancient, belonging to the so-called Proterozoic Era. To quote "The Text-Book of Geology" by Professor Charles Schubert of Yale: "Walcott has shown that certain of the Proterozoic limestone formations abound in a variety of layered secretions due to the physiological processes of algae". The Walcott quoted is the noted C. D. Walcott, late Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who devoted a lifetime to the study of the earliest portions of the development of evolution, and the Proterozoic is millions of years older than the Cambrian.

The greatest obstacle to the discovery of the very earliest stages of the evolution of the postulated one-celled protoplasmic original form of life is the fact that the rocks in which they doubtless once existed in fossil form have nearly all been subjected to so much heat and folding that the records are destroyed. Thus, for example, we may never know exactly how life originated on this planet—if it did not come here from without, as the late Professor Arrhenius maintained. Scientists await with interest further details from Australia, for the dispatches themselves may err and a few hundred million more years



THE LARGEST MOTOR SHIP

The "Augustus," 32,650 Ton Liner, Now Running Between Italy and South America

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of the life record actually have been discovered.

▶▶"Bossy" Gillis Again

"Bossy" Gillis, Mayor of Newburyport, Massachusetts, is in trouble—again. Two years ago he was, in his own language, "town bum". He tried to run a gasoline station in an exclusive residential district, was haled into court, and was fined. He vowed that he would open it if he had to be elected Mayor to do it. American self-government, turning humorous, gave him his wish. So he opened his gasoline station. But he reckoned without the law. Now he has been haled into court, charged with storing gasoline without a permit, removing a street curb, and changing a street grade. This time he was fined $1,140 and sentenced to 330 days in the House of Correction.

Massachusetts is beginning to take the Gaekwar of Newburyport (as the Boston "Transcript" calls him) seriously. The District Judge who sentenced him and fined him said he was "an outlaw", and rebuked him for forgetting that he was Mayor. "Bossy" was imperturbable. He appealed. He went to the State Fire Marshall to get a permit but found he had to have a license from the Aldermen. Thereupon he decided to become a lawyer himself. He promises to "mop up" the four-year law course in three years, figure out the "highbrow 'whereas'" for himself, become Governor of the Commonwealth ,and give the judge who sentenced him "the leg".

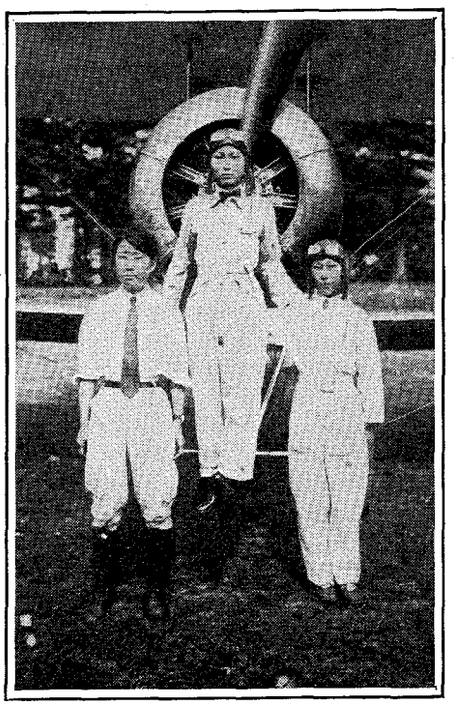
Such is "Bossy's" view of public office.

▶▶Robinson of the Circus

When Gilbert James Robinson died in Cincinnati the other day, the oldest and possibly the last of those who knew the circus in the day of its glory had pulled stakes and taken the road to another world.

Eighty-four years old, son of that John Robinson who founded the circus of the same name, Gilbert Robinson was born under the canvas somewhere in Virginia. His five brothers and sisters were natives of five other states. Gilbert became the show genius of the family, and, at one time or another, turned his hand to everything from dispensing concessions to training lions. He boasted that he had been in every town of as much as 500 population in the United States.

After four score years of life in the big top—after that institution had ceased to be what it once had been—Gilbert Robinson settled down in Cincinnati to write the history of the circus. It is a glamorous history which he set himself to write. He had completed one volume and was well toward the end of another when death overtook him. He had the material to make them among the most interesting books of recent years. If he had the knack of writing, he has given the world something which it will cherish.



Keystone

JAPANESE WOMEN AVIATORS

Competitors in a Recent Aerial Race from Osaka to Tokio

▶▶A Friendly Visit

America welcomes the Australia, flagship of her country. The interest is of a double kind: from the point of naval construction and from that of sincere goodwill.

This is the first war-ship of her type to be seen here. Flagship though she is, the Australia's tonnage is only 10,000; that is the largest tonnage allowable for new war vessels under the Washington Treaty limitation. Consequently there are many of this type already built or now building. Great Britain has several in commission; the United States has ten planned or building; Australia has a second nearly ready. They cost about $15,000,000 apiece.

Since the war and before the war there has been warm friendly feeling between Australians and Americans. Our soldiers and theirs, as the phrase goes, took to one another mightily in war-time.

Twenty years ago President Roosevelt sent our battle-fleet around the world and nowhere was it more heartily welcomed than in Australia. Roosevelt declared that the reception showed "the fundamental community of feeling between ourselves and the great Commonwealth of the South Seas." Again three years ago an American battle fleet visited Australia and our allies in the Great War almost went wild with enthusiasm. Our Admiral said that he had never seen such an outpouring of friendship from everyone, high and low.

Popularly as well as officially, America welcomes the representative of friends from across the seas.

▶▶Simon Legree and the South

Simon Legree was a Yankee. Southerners who could control their tempers long enough to sizzle through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" have always recognized him as of the imported overseer type and now he is to appear as such in the motion pictures at Dallas. This change, along with others, was made in the film after committees of the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy had seen private showings and protested.

Something is to be said in commendation of the committees which forced this change. There doubtless were Southern Simon Legrees, but large plantations, on which most of the slave whipping was done, usually had Northern overseers. Northern men were employed for this duty not so much because they were handy with the lash as because they were somewhat more efficient than Southern men who could be procured for such duty. Since whipping was by some regarded as a part of efficient oversight, it came about that the Northern overseer really did the bulk of the whipping. He was, of course, no more typical of the North than the steamboat swashbuckler was typical of the South, but each was the man which the other section saw most of and therefore they became the types by which each section judged the other.

Accuracy is somewhat promoted by the change in the film at Dallas, but it doubtless would have been better had

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the committees kept the picture off the screen entirely. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," containing a truth with cartoon exaggeration, has accomplished its large share of good along with its not small share of evil. Its day and mission are done and, except as a part of the impassioned literature of a period of ordeal, it perhaps should be allowed to rest.

▶▶*A Thought For The Week*

BETWEEN the heavy broadsides of information that have been fired at the Institute of Politics in Williamstown this summer there has been heard occasionally the sharp ping of a thought.

In the address, for instance, of Graham Wallas, English political philosopher. Said he, referring to the contributions which the United States is making to the world:

"When the annual balance sheet of the Nation is written off, it may be that American inventions will be forgotten; that American treaties will be disregarded. It may be that in some small village, or perhaps in a city slum, a little boy has been permitted to grow up who has thought with such intensity and purpose that he has added to the world's standard of values and affected permanently the thought of humanity on the kind of life which it is good for men to live.

"I believe that the shaping of civilization, perhaps for the next thousand years, depends very largely on the intensity and passion with which we, in this generation, answer the question: 'What are the conditions of good life?' "

This, while we contemplate the issues of the moment, is a soothing thought.

▶▶*Crime in the News*

WHAT do we mean when we say that the newspapers are full of crime? A novel attempt to get the answer has been made by students of the University of Wisconsin's school of journalism.

First they asked a number of bankers, lawyers, business men, doctors, dentists, engineers and college professors to guess at the percentage of their newspapers devoted to sensational news—that is, crime, divorce, and scandal in which the interest is personal rather than public. The answers ranged from fifty to five per cent—the average was twenty-eight and a half per cent.

Then the inquirers measured the space used for crime and scandal in twenty-five representative papers in various parts of the country—mostly fairly conservative, but including one "tabloid". The conclusion reached was that "the modern newspaper devotes only 1.4 per cent of its total space, or 3.5 per cent of its news space, to crime, divorce and scandal."

Why this discrepancy between the general impression and the cold test of the column rule? One answer is that the crime reports make an undue impression on the reader because he is hunting for sensations. Another made by the "Christian Science Monitor" is that, it is not the extent of crime news which burdens public thought and which complicates the problems of the social worker; it is the sensational display and glorifying treatment accorded to many incidents of crime against which so much protest is being made."

▶▶*Confusion In Manchuria*

INNER Mongolia striking for independence from China and union with the Outer Mongolian Soviet Republic in central Asia; Mongolian cavalry raiding the Chinese Eastern Railway and cutting communications near Khailar in northwestern Manchuria; Chinese regiments moving against the Mongolians; Japanese officials protesting that unless Japan's special interests are secure, the one first-class power in the Far East may have to act; Russian Soviet agents inciting the Mongolians —that is the confused picture from the most troubled area in the Far East.

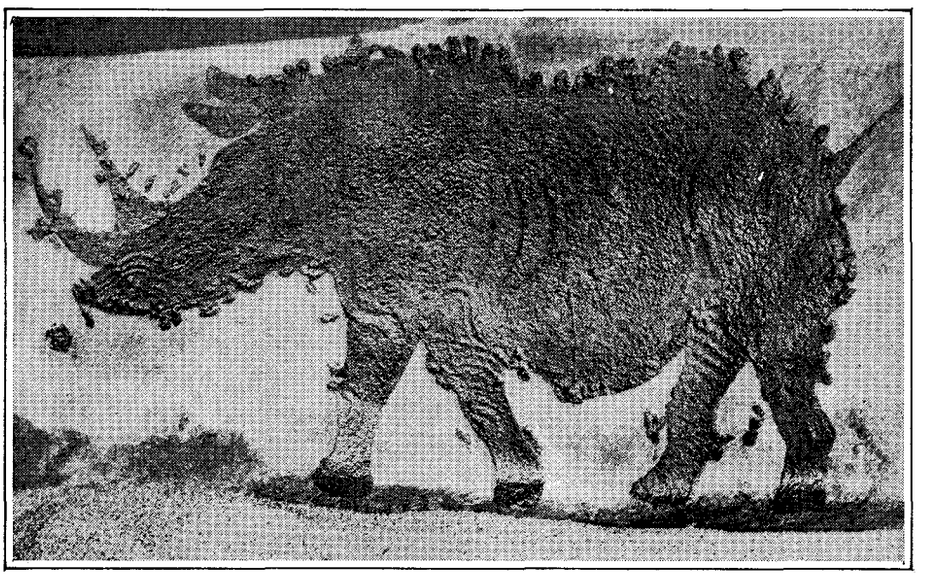
What it means no one can say as yet. Outer Mongolia has been under the influence of Moscow for several years. Obviously, western Communism has as much meaning for these primitive tribesmen as a calico dress has for a South Sea Islander. But they have been an essential means of Bolshevik policy in eastern Asia. Further, the rivalry of China, Japan, and Russia for ascendancy in Manchuria and Mongolia is commonplace knowledge. Out of such a situation anything can come.

▶▶*Fate of Col. Fawcett*

THREE years ago, an Englishman, Col. P. H. Fawcett, his son, and a small party of Indians plunged into unexplored regions of Brazil west of the headwaters of the Para River. It was not the ancient legend of gold mines in the jungle of Matto Grosso, not altogether the belief that, a long-forgotten city of a departed civilization might be found there, but rather Fawcett's urgent desire to map and explore the region. He was a field-geographer of high attainments.

Now comes the news that Col. Fawcett and his party were killed by hostile Indians. Particulars are wanting, but Colonel Dyott, who has conducted a search expedition, is very positive of the fact.

Brazil's enormous territory includes not a little of wild, impassable country that is hardly better known now to the world than it was in the time of Columbus. It is the part of explorers like Col. Fawcett to study the possibilities of the future in what is left of the world's wilderness.



Wide World

CRO-MAGNAN ART—25,000 B. C.

Rock sculpture Showing Rhinoceros with Tick Birds on its Back, Discovered in South Africa

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Editorials

Enforcing the Prohibition of War

THE Pact of Paris is a prohibition of war without a Volstead Act. With official solemnity, Foreign Minister Briand, of France, Secretary Kellogg, and the representatives of thirteen other nations have signed this pledge against fighting and promise to seek pacific means for the settlement of all disputes. President Coolidge has indicated that he will campaign for the ratification of the treaty, as the greatest guaranty of peace ever given to the world. Yet its effectiveness rests upon nothing but faith that public opinion and the good intentions of governments will prevent any violation of its spirit and purpose.

In the United States, critics of the agreement are meanwhile gathering their forces and preparing to attack it. They base their case on the contention that, in recognizing the right of each nation to decide for itself on the necessity of defensive war, the reservations accompanying the treaty give legal sanction for the first time to the only kind of war that any modern nation ever admits waging. Certain European critics have begun the old argument that any defense, to be effective, must be admitted to include some elements of offense.

Which is right—President Coolidge or the critics—only time can prove. The Outlook believes that the treaty should be ratified, and that American and European public opinion should be mobilized to make its provisions mean all that they can. In the first place, having proposed it and promoted its acceptance, the United States would be in a thoroughly ridiculous and reprehensible position if the Senate should reject it—an object for world-wide laughter and scorn. In the second place, it is literally true that the treaty commits no signatory to any action in its support, and therefore no technical objection to it exists.

The danger would lie in believing that war had been banished by a mere declaration of intent not to fight. How much it is to mean depends on our desire to make it mean something definite. We have a habit in America of indulging ourselves in proclamations of moral purposes that we approve, and at the same time avoiding commitment to any direct obligation that might embarrass us or hamper our freedom of action in circumstances we can not foresee. We have been able to do it because of an independence secured by unthreatened control of the chief resources of a continent. It is just this liking to get others to join with us in high-minded general statements, without clearly assuming any of the duties they involve, that makes us difficult to deal with internationally. It also makes us a bit ridiculous. Europe, made up of nations crowded together with no security save that which they can create by precise agreements, has less faith in the value of vague understandings. The real test of the Kellogg treaty will be whether American public opinion is ready to make good its part in the undertaking.

Definitions are needed. One helpful thing would be a standard for offensive and defensive wars. At present no one can say just what percentage of aggressiveness national action might contain and still remain non-offensive. An American proposal at Geneva four years ago was that any nation refusing to submit a dispute to arbitration should be automatically designated as an aggressor. Mutual acceptance of such a specific test would mark a great advance.

Another desirable step would be the revival of negotiations for adherence by the United States to the permanent World Court at The Hague.

It is up to Americans to show whether we are ready to do anything to make our professions about the outlawry of war really count when the next quarrel threatens the peace of the world.

It Is Time To Move

IN Massachusetts there is a law which dates in all essentials from the year 1640. Originally the statute called for death as the penalty for the proscribed offense. Now, it's only one year in jail or $300 in money. This law reads, "Whoever wilfully blasphemes the holy name of God, by denying, cursing or contumeliously reproaching God, His creation, government or final judging of the world, or by cursing or contumeliously reproaching or exposing to contempt or ridicule the holy word of God, contained in the Holy Scriptures, shall be punished by imprisonment in jail for not more than one year or by a fine of not more than $300, and may also be bound to good behaviour."

Dr. Horace M. Kallen, speaking for the Sacco Vanzetti Defense Committee on Boston Common, ran foul of this law. He said that if Sacco and Vanzetti were anarchists, Jesus Christ was an anarchist. A policeman took down his speech in shorthand, and after due deliberation of the powers that be, a warrant was issued for Dr. Kallen's arrest on a charge of blasphemy. Plain clothes men searched for him at the rooms of the Sacco Vanzetti Committee. The Boston papers played up the warrant for Kallen's arrest in big headlines. Then, on the next day, Judge Mitchell Murray of the Boston Municipal Court withdrew the warrant which he, himself, had issued. Announcement of the withdrawal was made from Police Headquarters, not from his Court.

Boston newspaper reporters say that meetings on the Common are not covered by shorthand stenographers, except by commands from 'above'—and they mean above Superintendent Crowley of the Boston Police. Withdrawal of such a warrant doesn't mean dismissal. Dr. Kallen, who is anxious to reply to this charge, cannot quite find out whether he can accept service of a warrant that has been withdrawn.

The whole incident ought to have one useful outcome. Massachusetts might well take to heart the lesson derived from the unpleasant notoriety it has received in this case and see that the statute, as well as the warrant, is wiped off the books. The statute is certainly as out of date as a coach and four on the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford. It was a statute drawn up for a theocracy. Considerable water, theological and otherwise, has flowed over the dam since 1640, but perhaps after all the statute is not as far out of date in Massachusetts as it might be elsewhere. The mind that conceived an arrest under such a charge in 1928 certainly is a contemporary of the spirit back of this law against blasphemy. Massachusetts,—there she stands! It *is* time that she started to move.

The Editors

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

EVERY one abroad seems to agree that Secretary Kellogg set one precedent at least in Paris by accomplishing a diplomatic gathering without any speeches except the one delivered by M. Briand, as host for France. Nations have signed treaties against war before—but never, it has been repeated everywhere, have leading statesmen of fifteen nations assembled and parted without an oratorical contest. Word that this was to be the case, it is suggested, is the reason that Mussolini stayed away. What an event Bryan would have made of it!

Astounded and bewildered French editors have found more to say about Mr. Kellogg's silence than they would have said about the fifteen customary addresses. They seek confusedly for its possible causes. Perhaps he was afraid that some ill-chosen remark might irritate an indispensable group of Senators and endanger the ratification of the treaty at Washington. Perhaps Mr. Coolidge let fall a few words about the advantages of reticence. The Paris "Matin" predicts optimistically: "Henceforth, whichever party is in power in Washington, the peace of Europe is under the moral guarantee of the United States." Others suggest that the American Secretary feared lest fifteen speeches might have indicated fifteen different versions of the meaning of the peace agreement. The sole point on which foreign observers are at one is that the achievement of speechlessness was unique and impressive—but none of them ventures the hope that it has set a style.

THE most disappointed delegate at the signing of the Pact of Paris was undoubtedly Dr. Stresemann, the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Germany. He had come, the first German emissary to be received by a Premier of France since the Franco-Prussian War, hoping to reach some understanding with regard to withdrawal of French and other troops from the Rhine. M. Poincare gave him a ceremonious greeting, in all the formality of French official usage—but apparently the man who won the nickname of "Square Fist" by authorizing the occupancy of the Ruhr Valley granted no satisfaction to his visitor from Berlin.

Germany holds that France is unreasonable in staying on the Rhine to guarantee payment of war damages; and France holds that Germany is unreasonable in failing to come forward with a firm offer acceptable to France. Both argue that the United States really holds the balance of power by its negative attitude toward the suggestion of an all-round settlement lumping war damages with war debts. So the semi-official "Temps" of Paris says: "It is to be expected that the German delegates, pushed by their public opinion, will take the initiative in posing the question of early evacuation of the Rhineland in the diplomatic conversations which will take place at Geneva (during the Assembly of the Leage of Nations) . . . However, it is scarcely probable that serious conversations can now take place on this important issue. Conditions are not favorable. After hearing the Germans, there must be an agreement among all the Allies before any real negotiations. And we all know that evacuation of the Rhineland is bound up with political and financial problems that can not yet be discussed usefully."

SOVIET Russia, after having complained at being ignored in the invitations to sign the Briand-Kellogg declaration against war, shows signs of readiness to adhere to it nevertheless. In this connection, recent indications of the international policies of Moscow are significant. The Communist tacticians have showed an interest in undisturbed opportunities to develop their program in central Asia. "Izvestia," the official organ of the Soviet Government, outlined in a leading editorial their scheme for utilization of a new set of alliances between Nationalist Turkey, Persia, and Afghanistan. For this reason, they paid particular attention to the visit of the Afghan ruler to their country and to Turkey. The editorial interpreter argued that Communist purposes had been achieved by the establishment of a close understanding of friendship between the Turkish dictator, Mustapha Kemal, and the Amir Amanullah, and also between Afghanistan and Persia. In this way, the Soviet political experts consider, a continuous buffer has been created along Russia's southern frontier against the extension of British influence from Mesopotamia and India. Back of this program is the slogan of the astute Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Chicherin: "Asia for the Asiatics." So Bolshevik discussion and action on the peace treaty looks very much like a strategic smoke screen for a flank attack of racial propaganda among the peoples who are colonial subjects of the western Powers.

BOTH Europeans and Asiatics have taken the annual session of the Interparliamentary Union in Berlin as an occasion to tell the American delegates again what they think of the immigration laws of the United States. The chorus was one of general disapproval and denunciation. And the spokesmen of Washington made equally plain its displeasure at the resolution which was passed favoring a change in restrictive laws to suit the eastern hemisphere.

Theories of the most extreme type were aired—heatedly. A Japanese orator asserted that no reasons exist for debarring any one from moving to a land inhabited by a different race. A Latvian citizen said that limited migration is working the greatest hardships on the Jews of eastern Europe, and that the world must be taught that no part of it belongs to certain people but that the entire globe must be kept open for emigrants seeking new homes. Other speakers suggested that the Government of a country receiving poor immigrants should afford them, not only a chance for work, but social insurance against unemployment, accidents, and sickness.

The debate moved a representative of the United States to insist with some emphasis that both emigration and immigration are questions of domestic policy and can not be regulated by international groups.

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What the Country Is Thinking

Echoes of the Albany Speech

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

"HAPPY Warrior" Franklin Roosevelt dubbed him. The title stuck. Governor Smith has been welcomed by friend and foe alike as a warrior who enters the clash of a political campaign with the joy of combat. "There stands a man!" cries the Omaha "World-Herald". "What a man he is!" echoes his adoring supporter, the "St. Louis Post Dispatch". "He dislikes prohibition and says so. He dislikes the way in which the Government has for seven years refused to do anything for the farmer while granting subsidies to manufacturers, voting huge sums of money for a merchant marine, and even taking the Cape Cod Canal off the hands of Wall Street when it failed to make profits. He says what he thinks about that, about our Caribbean policy, Mexico, the growing abuse of the injunction as a weapon against labor, and the outrageous abuses of the power industry, including its nullification of Muscle Shoals. All those things, which are fast making the republic a rallying ground for misguided moralists and a paradise for plutocrats, anger him, and he lays about him with the gusto of a Thomas Jefferson or an Andrew Jackson."

"The first genuine democrat, the first genuine champion of popular government, since Woodrow Wilson," comes the tribute from the Baltimore "Sun".

If it were not too vivid memories of the brown derby and the prior rights of James G. Blaine, we might be hearing the Governor of New York hailed as the "Plumed Knight".

Even political foes give him credit for prowess and intelligence as a fighter. "Master Campaigner," "Concise, clear, courageous," "High level of straight forward utterance", "Talent, acumen, persistence", are phrases used by those who will oppose his election. One of the Hearst papers, it is true, calls his acceptance address "a genial gentle flow of words", but Hearstian standards of gentleness are *sui generis,* There is no doubt that the Governor has made an impression on the country. He has become—for the time being at least—the central figure of the campaign. The fighting is where he is.

And as might be expected of one who "lays about him with gusto", he hits his friends' heads as well as foes'. The vigor of Smith's speech has caused a critical rebound of almost equal vigor. The rising cries from his own party as well as from Republicans are therefore not by any means all rhapsodic.

What has stirred all these people up to thinking and giving vent to their thoughts in winged words is first of all—and in some cases altogether—prohibition. It was Alfred E. Smith's unconventional way of blurting out his ideas on prohibition—whether they had any bearing on what might, could, or would be done on the subject or not—that loosened tongues and pens. Thereupon ideas pro and con and sometimes both pro and con were blurted out all over the country. On the whole this self-expression, first on the part of the candidate and then on the part of the people and the press, has seemed to be welcome. Instead of brooding over prohibition the country is beginning to discuss it. Thus, whether, elected or not, Governor Smith has done one thing. This everybody acknowledges. He has put prohibition into politics.

And this has been an embarrassment to both Republican Wets and Democratic Drys. How under the circumstances can a Republican Wet refuse to support Smith? Or a Democratic Dry refuse to oppose him? By exactly the same arguments. These are, in brief, two. One is that the President cannot change either law or Constitution. The other is that there are other issues of more importance. So for once Wets and Drys agree. If Drys can support him then Wets can oppose him. And yet all seem to agree that Prohibition is the one issue in the campaign that most plainly places Smith and Hoover in opposite camps.

Consequently editorial papers—especially Southern Democratic and big city Republican papers—are plentifully sprinkled with "whiles" "buts", "ifs", "althoughs", "howevers", and "nevertheless", and their mental equivalents. Almost the only editors that do not seem to feel it necessary to do considerable explaining to themselves or their readers are those Republicans or Independents who believe that the experiment of prohibition eminently deserves at least a further trial. It is on this issue that the independent Springfield "Republican" refuses to support Smith. A very few opponents of prohibition accept the Smith proposal whole, and these are also at peace with themselves and the world. But for the most part "Wet" newspapers balk at some part of the Smith plan and hem and haw. They say in effect, Smith's plan is very nice but it can never be carried out; or Smith's plan is interesting—but it really leaves us where we are; or Smith's plan is a basis for discussion—but it needs to be studied. Some supporters—like the two "Posts" of Washington and Boston—say that Smith is probably ahead of his times. This leaves the only harmonious chorus that of the opposition. Go back to the old confusion? Never. Add to the smuggling across the National boundaries? Absurd. Retry the discarded experiment of State dispensaries? Futile. Attempt to satisfy hard drinkers with four per cent beer? It can't be done. Entice the Wets by promises and the Drys by assurance that the promises can't be kept? A delusion and a snare.

On prohibition it is certain that the Happy Warrior has started something. Already the fight is thick. And it is he that is in the midst of it.

For Smith's discussion of agriculture there are some voices of approval. Most of these are, however, less in approval of any plan of Smith's than disapproval of Republican inaction—or, if not exactly inaction, at least ineffective action. On the whole, however it does not appear that the agricultural West is much impressed by what Smith has said on the subject. It sniffs at the suggestion that all that needs to be settled is the "mere mechanics" of the solution. Even a friendly voice from the border States on the Atlantic chimes in with an unfriendly voice from New England, in describing Smith's agricultural ideas as naive.

Smith's reconsideration of the merits of the St. Lawrence waterway, which means much to the whole central part of the country, is mildly welcomed but it comes, one paper declares, too late.

Concerning foreign relations there is

(*Please turn to page* 796)

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

NOT long ago—but certainly once upon a time—a laborer was plodding along a highroad of Germany.

This man had worked hard all day. He was not an educated man; he was not at all brilliant or talented. But he was possessed of a strong back and a war mheart, and it would be sad to conjecture what he would have done without these two treasures. For working as hard as he might, the most he could earn with his good muscle came to little more than one dollar a day. And by the time he reached his tiny house each evening, before sinking heavily upon the nearest chair and calling to the third from the youngest to come now, and help him off with these boots—before washing his hands and his great rough face in the tin basin there on the sill—before tasting the warm porridge and black bread that would be waiting for him—; before all this, in spite of his contented heart it was all he could do to smile and nod at that good wife he had and those ten remarkable children.

On this particular day, the laborer, tired and hungry and a little cold—for it was not yet summer and there was an evening chill in the air—warmed and consoled himself, as he trudged along, with the thought of his unusual children. It was unique, he felt, that God should bless a man with so many and such fine ones as were his. Looking at the images of these children in his mind, he felt that each one was especially fitted to succeed in life. If only he might give them something of a beginning—if he might educate them—.

Tired and earnest as he was the man stopped short at this thought of education and laughed out loud. That he—unable to give them enough to eat, distracted with the puzzle of how to cover them by day and bed them by night—that he should wish to educate and make fine gentlemen of his children! His sudden laugh was harsh and cheerless. Even he himself was startled by the sound of it on the still evening of the highroad.

As the sound fell away into silence, he was no more surprised by the sound that followed it, though he was alone at this spot and expecting nothing of the sort. He was not even sure that this second sound was human. It was a thin discordant noise, such as a disembodied spirit—or a lost lamb—might wail on the wind. The man stood in doubt and listened. Had it been an echo of that laugh of his? Or had he imagined it?

The sound rose again and trailed away. This time he was certain of it. He even started towards it, then stopped himself and frowned and waited. When it came once more he straightened up and went to meet it. He was sure that it was hiding yonder in the bushes that clattered stiffly in the ghost of a wind.

The laborer parted the wistful bushes and looked to see what was hiding there. As he looked the curiosity left him suddenly, and he knew again how tired he was, and hungry and far from home. His heart was so heavy within him that it hardly lifted in its slow beating. He would let go of these light branches and go on to his home. They would spring back and cover what he had seen. He would forget what he had seen—he had not seen it.

Yet all this time he was staring at it; and the thin noise that continued there under his eyes struck his ears with pain.

Cautiously he let go of the parted branches and looked around. There was no one on the highroad. Ten children were waiting at home. And not enough to eat. He could never bring up those children. The money would stretch no further, and with every day children grew hungrier. He would have done better to have stayed as he was, long ago. A single man, with a light heart and no burdens. How had he gotten himself ten children to raise? He was a fool. He was cursed.

The laborer walked to the center of the highroad and stared moodily in front of him. Then he looked at the bushes. Any one passing him would have seen a stupid face, made ugly by the weight of his thinking. The noise against his ears grew louder—it was terrible. He could not think.

He went back to it. With hunched shoulders and lowered head he stooped over it.

"Be quiet!" he said in a rough voice. He felt himself choke. "You shall be cared for well enough," he added threateningly, as though to get the best of an argument. But the noise continued.

"See here," he said, "a promise is a promise." And he stooped down further and lifted it in his arms.

It was not very heavy, and now that it was quiet he would scarcely know that he was carrying anything. Moreover—had he not always managed? Tomorrow was far away.

She was waiting for him, that good woman, and the children crowded around to see what present he had wrapped inside his coat. Sticks of wood—old rags—flour—?

He laid it carefully upon the table. The candle was brought close.

"The darling!" said his wife softly.

"Can we have it"? asked the third from the youngest doubtfully.

The laborer threw out his arms in a wide gesture—

"It is ours!" he said. "It was thrown away. I found it."

"It is a princess," said the wife of the laborer—"look at the fine dress—And see here—a letter! And what is this it lies upon"?

"You who find this child," ran the letter on its fine paper, *"you who care for it—return to the same spot a year from this night. You will find more money."*

As the second from the oldest lifted up this living doll, the laborer's wife uncovered the bank notes that lay under it. The family of twelve gaped and stared. Here was three times the sum that a hard working man could earn in a year's time.

The treasure spilled carelessly upon the floor. The laborer remembered for the second time how tired he was. He drew a trembling arm across his perspiring forehead and stopped half way —What was that sound?

The thirteenth member of the family was crying again.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

"EVA THE FIFTH," Kenyon Nicholson's and John Golden's new play about show people, is currently termed a clean hit. Clean it is—with the exception of one ugly word. But whether or not it is a hit depends on the kind of theatre-goer you are. One thing is sure; with a single exception you can invite all sorts of people to see it and be sure that no one will be offended; although some may be bored. The single exception is your undertaker.

You can't take your mortician because the very mild villain is an undertaker in a small Kansas town. He sees the heroine during a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—she is the fifth in her family to play the part of Little Eva whence the title of the play—and pretends that he is in the furniture business in order to lure Little Eva—who is now a young lady, off-stage—away from her profession. When we say lure, we must ask you to remember that this is a John Golden play and that despite all the suspicions of the hero, the villain very properly asks Eva to marry him. Yes, he asks her to marry him, and there is a good sentimental reason why she should; and since there is some self sacrifice involved she naturally does promise—and, well, there you are.

It's a very curious affair, because it isn't true at all, and it is almost completely based on hokum. It starts out with a lot of New York actors pretending to be actors in an old fashioned, cheap Uncle Tom's Cabin traveling road show in Kansas. Every line that ever appeared in a play of this kind since the days of Theodore Kremer, of "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" memory, has presumably been gone over in selecting the dialogue for this first act. For it is very much shopworn.

Then, oddly enough, "Eva" begins to pick up a little bit. You find yourself occasionally amused and, perhaps, believing one or two scenes. In the second act, particularly, you become interested in the efforts of the young actor-hero—of course he's the Simon Legree in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but is the white-haired boy off-stage—you become mildly interested in the efforts of this gentleman to pull the troupe together and try to give a performance in the local Knights of Pythias hall. This has become a pressing necessity if the entire band is to be saved from starvation. For the evil manager has, of course, abandoned them in their traveling car; they have no money; Eva has decided to marry the furniture Johnny; and Mal Thorne, the young actor, is the only one of the troupe not stunned by misfortune. Indeed he isn't stunned even by the desertion of Eva, with whom he is in love. He is all for fighting it out along the Kansas line all summer.

This part of Mal Thorne is played by a young man called Buford Armitage, and he does it with excellent effect and considerable power. He even becomes a reasonably romantic figure, and his love for the "Little Eva" of the production—who is none other than Claiborne Foster, still acting a part in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show, which is much too young for her as every one sorrowfully admits—is believable and increasingly attractive.

From the second act forward, the plot of the play hinges on the efforts of the villain undertaker to induce Claiborne Foster to marry him, on the ground that she may benefit the entire company by advancing her husband's money to them so that they may get back home. As a reason for marriage, this seems a trifle unconvincing, as in fact does all of Eva's desertion of the stage—forever!—and the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show. But it is necessary for the plot.

Because the actor hero succeeds in renting the hall. He gives the show, and he impresses into his service for the part of Little Eva the child sister of Claiborne Foster. When the great night comes, naturally, Miss Foster is so jealous of the success of her small sister, and so heartbroken over her own desertion of her Thespian friends, that she allows the little sister to eat an entire box of candy (the child's besetting sin), with the lamentable result that the death-bed scene of Little Eva has an unexpected denouement. It becomes a drama of stomach complaint, and the Uncle Tom show is well-nigh ruined—until the original Eva steps back into the breach and so saves the day.

She has found out at one and the same moment that the furniture man is an undertaker, and that she herself can never be happy away from the stage. So she is not only saved from the villain, but is once more in her darling show business and—well, everything ends as it should, even to the true lovers' embrace.

As a real play, of course, this sort of thing is absurd. The lines are almost invariably "theatre" lines, and the pasteboard effect is heightened by the extreme obviousness of the plot. The character drawing is done so patently after the good old models, that the small town undertaker who tries so hard to persuade Eva to marry him and live in his new, shiny house in Centralia, hasn't a chance from the start.

Just as she is plainly the "heroine," so he is labelled the "villain." He doesn't even need the black mustache. No one is persuaded for a single instant that there is any chance that Eva will eventually marry him. She is going to fall finally to Mal Thorne, the courageous young actor—and everybody knows it.

Such a play is sometimes amusing, like a "Saturday Evening Post" story. But it isn't drama at all. It's "theatre." Yet it is tolerably well acted and possesses one unusual merit: it steadily gains in interest, and rises in dramatic effect, until the three scenes of the last act are excellent drama, well played and able to hold any one's interest. The result is that the audience genuinely applauds the final curtain, and seems very well satisfied with the play; whereas every one around us sat very stonily throughout the first two acts and we thought some of them even considered very seriously the idea of going home. We know we did—despite all Miss Foster's efforts to make us believe the unbelievable. In fact, we were about to come home and write that Mr. Golden had become so obsessed with cleanliness in his plays that he was in danger of departing from those emotional truths which are the only things that make a play honest drama—and then he and Mr. Nicholson produced a good last act!

There is nevertheless a whole volume of proof here presented, to the effect that a clean play can be a thoroughly dishonest one. Mr. Golden should watch his step.

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American Eagles and Birdies

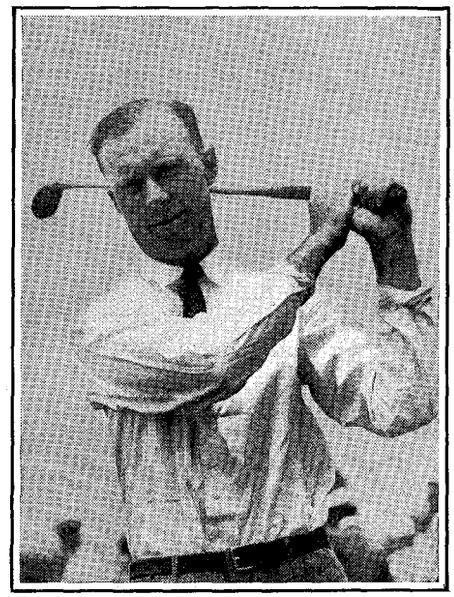
By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

THE story of Bobby Jones is one of those old stories that is always new. Just at this writing, at the height of the Walker Cup matches on the seasoned Chicago Golf Club course at Wheaton, Ill., and some time in advance of the American championship to be held at Brae Burn, Jones looms up like Northern lights in a wintry sky. It is the same old Bobby of the British and American championships who is leading the American Walker Cup team to smashing victory over the far flung younger generation of British amateurs; but still in a sense even a newer Jones in that there never has been an occasion in the past in which his personal leadership has been quite such a marked factor in victory on the links. Jones's strokes, the character of his clubs, his generalship and outward imperturbability in action, have been written about to the extent of volumes, and will be written about to the extent of more volumes, but little has been said in the past, too little, indeed, about this quality of leadership, the charm of the man, the placid confidence that goes through his followers like an electric thrill.

It is characteristic of this undoubtedly greatest golfer in the world that he should help others in the game to which, as a boy, he undoubtedly owed his life. On more than one occasion he has all but lost an important match through helping out a younger opponent with whom he came in contact in the draw. In the Walker Cup matches, of course, he is aided by seasoned veterans, the cream of the amateurs, but there can be no doubt in the light of the first day's play against the Englishmen that Sweetser, Von Elm, Evans, Mackenzie and the rest, played better golf for Bobby Jones than they would have for any other leader or for themselves, even in an international affair. There is no way to prove it. It is just one of those things that, knowing the man, one gets through some mysterious extra sense not included in the acknowledged list.

This leadership was perhaps more plainly apparent on the first day of the international matches than when the men settled down to singles, for the reason that the play was at the original doubles game of what has come to be known in this country as the "Scotch foursome." This is a type of play in which American golfers as a rule take slight interest. They seldom play it. Indignant Britons and Scotsmen may storm as they like over this type of foursome, the fact remains that you cannot get an American, merely as a matter of temperament to go around a course making only every other stroke. The American type as everyone knows, is the four-ball foursome, in which individual cards are tured in. It is only in these Walker Cup affairs that the "Scotch foursome" figures prominently. So it was that at Wheaton, and with the exception of one American pair, our team went at it in rather lackadaisical fashion in the morning round, with the result that the Britons made what was, considering their records abroad, a rather remarkable showing. The afternoon round told quite another story.

During the lunch hour the spirit of Bobby Jones had permeated the team. The result was that in the afternoon the American players took the "Scotch foursome" so seriously that they came home impressive winners in all four matches, the result being that the Walker Cup was safe in an American locker for another year. The first day, ending with these four matches in the bag left the Britons in the predicament of having to win six out of the eight singles matches to square the Walker event. Even then they would have been beaten because of the half point that was theirs in case of a tie.



Underwood

CHIC EVANS

That Jones would be on his game for these matches was a foregone conclusion, after his remarkable golf at Floosmoor in the Wood Memorial, when he was playing in the sixties, and turned in one set of nine holes in the sweet figures of 30, just one stroke higher than the best nine holes ever recorded clear back in the days of old Tom Morris. Indeed, in his practise rounds at Floosmoor, Bobby suddenly found that he was just a shade *too* good. He could not only hold his pitched approaches, he had such a terrific back spin on them that they rolled back into the trap guarding the green. This was too much of a good thing, and Bobby had promptly to take off some of the spin. This he proceeded to do, with the result that when tournament time came he produced such a series of birdies and eagles as had never before been seen on any course anywhere.

That's it—birdies and eagles, eagles and birdies—the difference today between the sound golf that the present flight of Britons is playing and the purely piratical golf that is typical of the American game. How times have changed, indeed, from the days of Walter Travis and Findlay Douglas. It was then that the American played the conservative game, shooting short of bunkers his best shot might carry, while the Scotsman let go with everything he had all the time. For the present day flight of Britons it may be said that they are picking up the game after the ravages of war had removed from the field some of the most daring British players. Rebuilding has been slow. But there seems hardly a reason why it should be quite as slow as it is. The present invaders are sound enough in their play, but they have not the flair for the impossible that marks your true American tournament golfer.

In the light of his present achievements Bobby Jones seems to have an excellent chance to come through to an-

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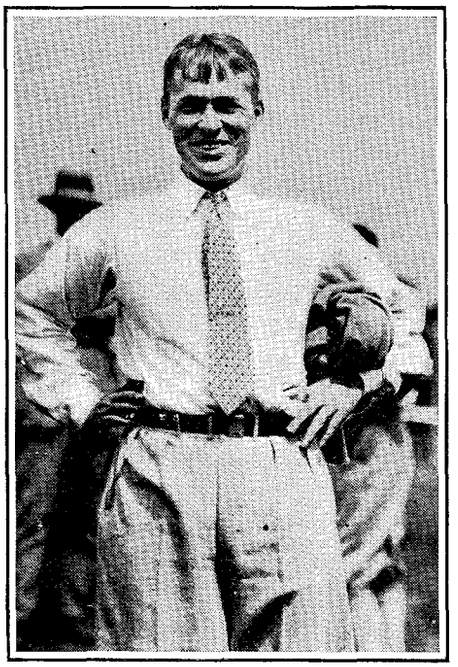

Underwood

BOBBY JONES

other championship this year. His golf just now is perfection, just as it was when he first came up to the leadership of the world. There are expert British and Scottish observers who maintain that Bobby's play is that of a human machine. Everyone who knows the man, however, knows that that is not true. He has his trials and tribulations in common with the veriest duffer. And there are times when he is off his game. Bobby has had many an internal nervous storm in the course of a match in which he appeared to be no more than a machine. But he has mastered the outward expression of these storms as has no other man playing the game with the possible exception of Walter Hagen. No, it will not do to say that Bobby is just a manifestation of human mechanics. He is not the first who has been charged with being a mere machine. Such was the case with Francis Ouimet and with several others who have reached the top. It was not until Ouimet began to write his reminiscences that one realized the terrific battle that is always being fought by any good player in the course of a championship. Jones, since there is no player-writer rule in golf, himself has told of some of these inward battles, and his self-conquest is all the more remarkable since when he was a youngster he was wont to throw his clubs into nearby bushes and into bunkers, much in the manner of Wild Bill Melhorn, who continues the practise upon occasion even to this day.

In addition to Bobby Jones, the Walker Cup affair has served to show that the first flight of American amateurs is well on its game right now, which promises even a closer amateur championship than was the case last year. Notably good have been George Von Elm and Chick Evans, the latter perhaps for a longer stretch of time than any other, the greatest stylist of them all and among the very first to gain a mastery of the irons such as once served to set apart the Scottish golfer almost in a class by himself. Chick has settled down noticeably and made a notable come-back in the last few years. There was a little time when the old touch was lacking, but that time has passed, and in the coming amateur championship he ought to be as formidable a factor as ever.

Especially gratifying in the foursome at Wheaton was the showing of George Von Elm and Jess Sweetser, who were paired against the British first string pair, Perkins and Tweddell. Their play could be characterized as nothing short of remorseless. These two players are of what is known as the fighting type. Yet their team showing was a remarkable exhibition for two such aggressive men. Oddly enough they have never met in a championship. If ever this pair should meet in match play it would be well worth crossing a continent to see. As a team the pair was remarkable, especially in reaching the pin and getting down. It so happened that much of the iron play fell to Von Elm, and as on other occasions his irons were under superb control. Sweetser's work with the putter completed the massacre of the British pair.

Something now, to be said in behalf of at least one Briton, T. Philip Perkins, the youthful British champion. Receiving little support from his partner, Dr. Tweddell, he played beautiful golf all the way through. As a cigarette smoker he is undoubtedly in the same class with the famous Harold H. Hilton, who in that respect was an unmistakable champion on both sides of the Atlantic for many years. Perkins is a tall, pale chap, who affects the most unobstrusive possible gray costume. He is a sound player, and a steady player, as well as a courageous player, who has a curious habit of rocking back on his heels after each shot. However, he no more loses his physical balance than he does his mental balance. I think it extremely doubtful that he will reach the final in our amateur championship, but there is no mistaking the fact that he is a coming golfer. He stands out well above the rest of his team. To return to Von Elm and Sweetser for a moment. Surprise was caused when they were chosen as the No. 1 team for America. Certain of Bobby Jones's followers from Atlanta were miffed when they found that their idol was not to be one of the leading pair. But Jones himself knew not only himself but his men, and he was confident from the start that Von Elm and Sweetser was the very best pair that could be put together from the American string. It is this sort of judgment that makes Bobby a truly American idol rather than merely an Atlanta or Southern idol.

It develops that El Ouafi, winner of the Marathon in the Olympic Games, is coming to this country to run a series of Marathons for a total payment of $10,000. From this it would appear that the French Arab's Egyptian manager is less astute than the Billy Gibsons of our own prize ring. Fiends of figures will bring forth the fact that after the expenses are written off, plus the fee of the Egyptian manager, El Ouafi will be running at the rate, for ten races, of something like fifty cents a mile. This would hardly be called excessive, considering the nature of the event, but since at present Ouafi on the time basis is working for considerably less than that per hour in a garage, the Arab probably will consider himself richly repaid. It is to be doubted if the much more canny Joie Ray, with whom it is proposed to match him, will consent to any such trifling remuneration.

Underwood

GEORGE VON ELM

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"Lilac Time"

THAT most of us have our weaknesses is an uncontrovertible, if dismal, adage the contemplation of which so occupies our traducers that they usually find no time to credit us with those antithetical, compensating traits which most of us possess, and which may roughly be called our strengths.

We, for example, have for Miss Greta Garbo a weakness the intensity of which is unequalled save by our strength for Miss Colleen Moore. Practically our outstanding strength, Miss Moore is, and we are therefore but poorly qualified to write reviews of her pictures. "Lilac Time," her newest one, might be a perfectly dandy picture for a Colleen Moore fan, but it threw us into the worst temper we've been in in years.

"Lilac Time" was built to Miss Moore's depressingly elfin measurement, of course, but at that, he isn't to blame for some of its worst features. Even with some other cute comedienne bounding about in it, it would still be pretty pallid. The worst portions of the runaway airplane sequence, for instance, can't justly be hung on Miss Moore, and the behavior of the Royal Air Force of Los Angeles County can't, either. Or the sound effects.

Gary Cooper gives the same kind of performance as usual—the kind that makes one wish he might get a halfway decent chance, some time, to have a try at acting. We will predict that he would be very good at it.

Perhaps we are not being very nice about "Lilac Time," but, as we have admitted, just one flash of Colleen Moore doing her stuff—and we're in no condition to appreciate anything. For all we know, "Lilac Time" may have a longer run than "Wings," which it tries so hard to imitate; but we'll make our readers this promise; we will become, in that event, a naturalized Mexican, and will write all subsequent motion picture reviews in (a) Aztec, (b) Sanskrit, or (c) Choctaw; the matter to be decided by popular vote.

"The Scarlet Lady"

Lya de Putti did so well as a vamp (*any one who remembers "Variety"* knows how well she did) that the boys decided she must do even better. A big rôle the kid should have—a star part, y'unnerstand.

LILAC TIME

Now thereby dangles a choice morsel of movie mentality. A star part must be a sympathetic part—and sympathy requires virtue. When Miss de Putti becomes a star Miss de Putti becomes virtuous, or what would Will Hays say?

So Miss de Putti is cast as a Bolshevik young lady who is, according to one of the subtitles, "unspotted" and she acts accordingly, even though attempts to spot her are not infrequently made. Miss de Putti also hashes up this part to such an extent that one is doubtful of just what she *is* intended to be, besides virtuous.

Don Alvarado, one of the screen's best lovers, is with Miss de Putti in "The Scarlet Lady," but his abilities are practically wasted, because Miss de Putti is so deucedly unspotted that he can't get near her.

The same thing happened to the greatest vamp of them all—Pola Negri. She, too, had to reform when they made her a star and she, too, acquired virtue at the expense of her artistic specialty. In consequence, she has left Hollywood, disgusted, and vowing never to return.

If Miss de Putti did likewise no one could blame her. Not after seeing "The Scarlet Lady."

"The Butter and Egg Man"

This comedy, as George Kaufman wrote it and as it was played by the late Gregory Kelly, was possessed of a warmth and flavor which the movie version sadly lacks. Wisecracking titles, careless continuity and a curiously inept performance by Jack Mulhall hold this picture to a level well below mediocrity. The only point where the ebullient felicity of the stage play has been duplicated is the closing scene in Peter Jones' office; the one in which Peter and Mary Martin, the actress, make their nefarious exit, having sold the doomed play to Peter's former partners. So well was this done that a New York Hippodrome audience indulged itself in quite a substantial spatter of applause.

But that was literally the only satisfactory moment in an otherwise undistinguished attempt. It's discouraging, after seeing some of the successful adaptations of stage plays on the screen of late, to know that such a bad one is still possible.

Our Own Theatre List

"The Front Page," Times Sq. Theater.—Newspaper Melodrama and humor, depicting a *night in a pressroom* such as never was; hair trigger stuff.

"The Big Pond," Bijou Theater.—Comedy, well acted, expertly written for two acts, then impossible. Worthwhile for its salty, humorous portraits. Venetian romance tried out in Vernon, Ohio.

"Coquette," Maxime Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; *youth in a small Southern town*; Helen Hayes; first choice for tears and humor.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," Sam H. Harris.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence *turned inside out before your eye, convincingly* acted; you won't move.

"The Silent House," Shubert.—Humor and melodrama; impossible, hair-raising, yet extraordinarily amusing.

"Strange Interlude," John Golden.—A psychological novel put upon the stage; a new kind of drama; O'Neill's finest.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it isn't as good as it should be.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—A gorgeous spectacle; romance, exquisite settings, and music.

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"Don Giovanni" in Munich

By EUGENE BONNER

Munich

AMONG the many capitals of central Europe, there is one with a charm peculiarly its own—the former capital and present chief city of Bavaria, Munich, or as it is known in its own language, München. Quite apart from any position it holds in regard to artistic or musical affairs, the city itself is unique.

Perhaps it's the really extraordinary blending of North and South—Germany meeting Italy, and while such meetings, politically, have not always been of the happiest nature, architecturally at any rate, the result has often been beautiful, sometimes amusing, but nearly always interesting.

There are times when one feels as if he had been suddenly dropped several hundred miles to the South—in Florence in particular, as when for instance the Loggia dei Lanzi unexpectedly looms up by the Hofgarten. On closer scrutiny, however, it is seen that there is no "Perseus" by one Benvenuto Cellini in sight with a dozen or so small ragamuffins swinging onto its pedestal, and one re-orientates himself only to be completely disconcerted a few seconds later by colliding with the Pitti Palace, placed somewhat differently from its wont it is true, but apparently the Palazzo Pitti just the same. Recovering sufficiently we realize that it's only the Residenz or former royal palace after all, and the Pitti is still (or at least we hope so) on its Florentine hill.

But quite apart from some of the beautiful and at times successful copies of well-known Italian structures, this delightful city has other architectural features exclusively its own, such as the Maxmilianeum, the Neues Rathaus, the old Hof-Theatre (now called the National Theatre), the beautiful Prinzregenten-Theatre, and that little gem of a playhouse in the old palace—the Residenz-Theatre.

It is in this last-named that the Mozart operas are being given during these five weeks of the Wagner-Mozart *Festspiele,* the Wagner music-dramas being presented in the larger Prinzregenten-Theatre across the river. Small, rococco and altogether lovely, the little house is an ideal setting for the exquisite 18th century music of Mozart.

HEINRICH REHKEMPER

The Mozartean repertoire this year comprises the five great dramatic works of the Salzburg genius, "Figaro," "Zauberflöte," "Cosi fan Tutte," "Die Entfuhrung," and last but by no means least, "Don Giovanni."

It is this last that is perhaps at present of the most interest to the lovers of Mozart, as although only a few years ago it was in the repertoire of practically every opera house of any standing at all, it is now a matter of the utmost difficulty to run a performance of this work to earth, either in England, France, America or Italy, although as a matter of fact the coming season at La Scala will see it revived in Milan for the first time in about twenty years, under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, where by the way the rôle of Zerlina is to be sung by Mignon Nevada, daughter of the famous American singer of yesterday, Emma Nevada.

Judging from the crowd that jammed the tiny theatre here, it would appear that not only the opera-going gentry of Munich, but a large contingent of the foreign legion within the city gates were possessed with the desire to see this particular masterpiece of Mozart. This opera, which had its premiere in the city of Prague as lately as 1787, is now demonstrating the fact that it can still fill opera houses whenever managers will consent to give it and when—and here's the rub—the singers can be found to sing it!

The performance at the Residenz-Theatre, while most interesting, was uneven. The musical direction was entrusted to Karl Elmendorff, who has been conducting such fine performances of "Tristan" this season at Bayreuth. Mr. Elmendorff knows his Mozart, and the expert handling of the orchestra he had the other night demonstrated that fact to no small degree. Both the strings and the woodwinds were none too sure of their intonation, which on the part of the former could probably be accounted for to a certain degree by the intense heat and the somewhat peculiar atmospheric conditions, as the elements were unusually obstreperous that evening—violent peals of thunder from without giving the impression that the devil was in a bigger hurry than usual to bag the luckless Giovanni.

Heinrich Rehkemper, who sang the title rôle, is a fine singer and actor with a most agreeable personality. Added to which he is blessed with no small amount of good looks and a lithe,

(Please Turn to Page 798)

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Gold's Return to Power

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

ONLY a few months ago, the Federal Reserve Board and the central banking authorities of other nations were controlling the international movement of gold. Now it is the possibility of international movements of gold that is controlling, to a large extent, not only the attitude but actually the actions of the central banking authorities here and elsewhere.

During most of the ten years following the war, the world's money market was highly artificial. After the disturbances of the war, it could not function naturally without endangering the stability of commerce and industry everywhere. Realizing this, the central banks pooled their influences to set up the checks and balances that, in normal times, are almost automatic. Some economists wished to see this régime perpetuated, but the most powerful financial leaders insisted on a return to normality as soon as possible.

The foundation of a normal money market is the gold standard and, in a truly international spirit, the various central banks worked for its restoration. In this work our Federal Reserve Board took a leading part. By extending credits, they made it easier for European nations to stabilize their currencies, and, by using their influence to make credit cheap and abundant here last summer and last autumn, they enabled other countries to import from us the gold on which their currencies were to rest.

The result has been, as the Federal Reserve Board announced recently, that re-establishment of the gold standard of France on June 25 signalized the practical completion of the world's monetary reconstruction. Currencies of nearly all the principal countries now bear a definite relation to gold, and their gold parities are in the majority of cases established by law, though in a few countries they are maintained solely as a matter of administrative practice. The return to gold has reduced the danger of wide fluctuations in foreign exchange, thus removing the obstacles to international trade arising from uncertainty of currency values, and removal of barriers against the free movement of gold has brought the money markets of the world into closer relationship; as a consequence, money rates and commodity prices, once more subject to the same influences throughout the commercial world, tend to be shown in closer international alignment.

In a free world gold market, such as is virtually established now, the metal tends to flow to countries where interest rates are highest, i.e., where the demand for funds is the keenest. Imports of gold, which forms the base for the expansion of credit, will resist in that country the mounting tendency of interest rates.

During the last six or eight months, as nearly every one knows, the Federal Reserve authorities have been doing everything they could to raise the price of money. They have done so with the intention of stopping the speculation in securities that started last summer under the incentive of cheap and abundant credit. Largely because of higher discount rates throughout the system and the Federal Reserve "open market operations" call money, which was lending at as low a rate as 3½ per cent early last autumn, now commands 7 or 8 per cent. Other rates have appreciated about as sharply.

It is not necessary even to look as far as the financial pages to see that the system's restrictive measures have been anything but successful. So aggressive have been the advances in stock prices that they have demanded the attention of front pages.

Inasmuch as the present level of money rates is so high as to threaten the health of legitimate business, it is probable that the Reserve authorities would be unwilling, if there were no other objection, to force rates still higher. Because of the fact that the world's gold market is free, or virtually so, however, they find that they cannot boost rates further, whether they wish to or not.

If they did, they would almost certainly attract gold from abroad. At the time this is written, in fact, the pound sterling is selling at such a low figure that any further pressure against it might be sufficient to make it profitable for English banks to sell some of their gold to us. This would tend to bring interest rates down and nullify the effects of the Federal Reserve operations.

Bringing gold here, moreover, would be not only fruitless, but dangerous. Although the leading countries of Europe have anchored their currencies to a gold basis, it is by no means certain that the tremendous weight of our financial influence could not sweep some of these currencies away from their anchorages. Such a development, of course, would be disastrous for those countries and decidedly harmful to us, since important monetary instability in any other part of the world is sure to have repercussions here.

It would be very foolish, though, to assume that because the Federal Reserve authorities have failed to stop the stock market from climbing steadily higher, that the advances are to go on forever. After all, there was no Federal Reserve system before 1914, but normal economic forces had intervened often before to turn back waves of speculation that had swept beyond the limits of reason.

Perhaps, as one leading economist said recently, the present market cannot be murdered, but will have to commit suicide. At present, the return on stocks is far below the cost of borrowing money with which to pay for them. That is an abnormal condition and one that has in the past always preceded a big decline. Today, we are told by defenders of the present level of prices, things are different. In view of the great future of our industries and the wider public appreciation thereof, stocks always will sell at a relation to earnings and dividends that would have been considered ridiculous twenty years ago. Perhaps so. But, if prices are unwarrantably high, either their own top-heaviness, the shock of some unexpected bad news or some other influence sooner or later will drive them down where they belong.

In the meantime, the frantic bullish activity on the stock exchanges show how many thousands of investors, speculators, and downright gamblers are willing to bet that prices now are not too high, but much too low.

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The Hidden Yarn

As Told To
HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

HER New England home, writes Miss Damon, was never haunted by chattering mice and talking teakettles—indeed, she was raised on a diet of hard-boiled fact, with a Quaker grandmother, lovely but strictly orthodox, and a sturdy-minded mother who found no use for foolish legend and fable. But small Frances's imagination only thrived more riotously for its barren soil; she created an enchanted world of her own, wherein even the conscientious old grandfather's clock served as cathedral or castle or dungeon for her paper-doll romances.

This true story, handed down from Quaker grandmother, gives a touching picture of the struggle among earlier settlers and an explanation of New England's traditional preoccupation with stern realities.

The Hidden Yarn

As Remembered by
MISS FRANCES B. DAMON
An Outlook Reader

THERE isn't, as remembered by Miss Frances B. Damon, an Outlook reader, any prince in this story nor any brownie. It's mostly about a woman, and a very poor woman at that. Her name was Mrs. Elwot, and she lived with her husband, Lejo, and their three children in a small, shabby house on a barren Maine farm. Lejo was a faithful worker, but he had little health and less money, and owned almost nothing but his plow and harrow, an old lame horse, and a young brindle cow. Of course he didn't own the farm—he worked it "at the halves," as they say Down East. That meant that if he were lucky enough to raise a few bushels of potatoes and corn and beans, he paid for the seed and the use of the land by giving half his crop to the owner of the farm. The brindle cow helped to keep the family from starving, and by skimping here and stretching there Mrs. Elwot could sometimes trade a pound or two of her butter for a little molasses or a few smoked herrings at the village store.

Late every May the Elwots packed a lunch-basket and led the farm owner's small flock of sheep down to the pasture brook to be washed. That was a holiday for the children—first following nearly a mile along a crooked path through lovely woods carpeted with wake-robins and blue violets, then the fun of watching mother and father catch and hold the sheep, one by one. A few weeks later came the shearing, then the cut fleeces were carried on horseback to the carding mill seven miles away, and brought back changed into soft, silvery-white rolls. Then Mrs. Elwot would sit down at the great spinning-wheel and spin them into fine white yarn.

Out of their share of wool she knitted all the stockings and mittens and hoods for her family. How the poor woman longed for the time when they should own the sheep and have all the wool, so she could weave linsey-woolsey dresses for the little girls, and even blankets for their beds!

But one year, when her husband had been ill and a frost had nipped the beans and several other thing had gone wrong, the farm-owner had to sell almost all the yarn. The Elwots would have been worse off than ever if the storekeeper's wife had not brought Mrs. Elwot a lot of rolls to spin—enough, she thought, to make eight skeins. The pay was to be in groceries from the store.

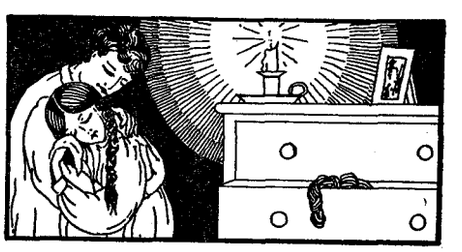
It was getting well into November now. Day after day the great spinning-wheel went humming before the red open fire in the kitchen. When Mrs. Elwot had finished, there were not only the eight skeins, but two and a half knots besides. If she could only keep them! Lejo needed new mittens—his were old and thin and mended, and winter was coming on. The storekeeper's wife would never miss that extra yarn. The more the poor woman thought, the more she persuaded herself—almost—that the yarn really belonged to her. So, after she had wrapped the eight skeins she laid the two knots and a half away in her big blue chest. Nobody but herself knew a thing about it. All day, busy at her work, whenever her eye fell on the blue chest her cheeks burned, and after the house was still that night and every one else asleep, she lay turning this way and that, thinking, thinking, thinking of the yarn.

Presently she crept out of bed in the cold, took the yarn from the blue chest, and laid it in the package with the other skeins. Then she woke Lejo and sobbed on his shoulder, telling him how near she had come to being a thief. And he, poor man, cried, too, protesting that he was the one to blame for not being a better provider for his family.

Then what do you suppose happened? It really did happen, and is not put in just to make the story come out right. When Mrs. Storekeeper came and opened the package, she exclaimed: "What beautiful yarn and what a lot of it! Eight, nine, ten—ten skeins and a half. Now couldn't you make use of that extra two knots and a half, Mrs. Elwot? You keep it—yes, you keep it. You've done the work beautifully, beautifully!"

So Lejo got his new mittens, after all.

And I'm sure you will be glad to know that in time the Elwots came to have a comfortable home of their own, with enough to eat and to wear all the year round.



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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

The Haworth Tragedies

The Bronte Sisters, by Ernest Dimnet. Translated by Louise Morgan Sill. Harcourt, Brace and Co.

The Life and Private History of Emily Jane Bronte. By Romer Wilson Albert and Charles Boni.

THESE two books illustrate in an illuminating way the difference between the classic and the romantic attitude toward biography. The Abbé Dimnet writes with a fine dispassionate temper. He furnishes an ample and a convincing physical background for his characters. He presents the documents which are his sources to the reader, choosing to influence him "as he would be by the documents themselves, and as much as possible by appearances, instead of drawing up a profound plan and bending all available material to its use." He entirely eschews the methods of psychography. His book, therefore, lacking perhaps the air of ponderous scholarship which a strict adherence to the classic and didactic model would have given, keeps the detachment and the judicious balance which is the mark of classic biography. Gallic qualities mark his work: a gracious style, preserved by the translator, humanity, worldly wisdom, incisive criticism, economy, wit and charm, and affection tempered by cool analysis. I shall show you what I see, the Abbé Dimnet seems to say, then you shall look and see for yourself. He writes almost exclusively about Charlotte Brontë. Emily and Anne help to make up the background for her life. He follows the order of importance that his heroine, herself, established—Charlotte Brontë and her sisters. As that was justified in her, for she was the chief among them, the only socially minded one, conscious of her superior ability to meet the world, indeed the sole point of contact between that world and the strange, sombre fireside at Haworth, so is it natural in him, a Frenchman, to whom things are as they are.

Not so with Romer Wilson. Herself a novelist of parts, and peculiarly fitted by temperament and surroundings to write of the Brontës, she presents a study of the inner life of Emily Brontë (mercifully free of the turgid phrases of psycho-analysis) as profound as any we have ever seen outside of fiction, where the greatest psychological studies are to be found, and she writes with an intensity of prejudice which is entirely typical of the modern romantic biographer. Her book carries the reader away on a tide of emotion, and to regain at the close of it, his feet, to dash the salt water from his eyes and be able to look at the Brontës, himself, with clear and cool vision, requires some effort. So it seems to us that no admirer of the work of the Brontë sisters, or no one curious about the complex inner lives of these outwardly simple women could find two books better calculated than these to call forth that state of mind required of a judge who must decide upon the merits of a case presented on one side by a skillful and logical lawyer of long training, and on the other by a fiery exponent of the emotional court-room manner. We here beg to insist that such a comment is not intended to reflect in a derogatory way upon Romer Wilson's work, nor in a way of solemn praise on Ernest Dimnet's. We found both books very fine. But, having read Dimnet first and Romer Wilson second, it was necessary, so intense is Romer Wilson's method, to reread Dimnet before feeling equal to the task of speaking fairly about the Brontë tragedy, as told in these two books.

Even more interesting than the contrast in approach toward biography as illustrated in these two books is the contrast, as presented in Charlotte and Emily Brontë as women. Charlotte and Emily and Jane Austen were grouped in a recent book as responsible, with a few others, for the cult of the governess-spinster in fiction. To lump these three women together is as ludicrous as it would be to describe Conrad and Joyce and Galsworthy as jointly responsible for any one particular trend in contemporary writing. Charlotte certainly did exalt the type described in "Jane Eyre," marrying her young lady finally to the lion, after his claws had been cut and his teeth drawn, so that she could boss him respectably. But Emily—where is there such a woman in "Wuthering Heights"? Charlotte was, herself, it seems to us, the passionate spinster, Emily, the passionate virgin. Charlotte had the spinster's longing for domination, Emily, the virgin's need to be subjugated. Emily was a primitive type, loving or hating, incapable alike of the Delilah-like wiles and the polite acquiescences of the civilized woman. Charlotte, on the other hand, was a social type and seems to have pursued both these ways, witness the many curates who pressed her hands and their suits at Haworth table with equal grace and failure; and the one curate whom she finally accepted for lack of a better suitor and of whom she spoke as

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

"Swan Song," by John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. Read either as the last book of the "Forsyte Saga" or as an independent story, this masterly novel should please all readers. Reviewed August 1.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert & Charles Boni. Those who have not yet read this beautifully written story have a delight in store.

"Show Girl," by J. P. McEvoy. Simon & Schuster. The story of Dixie Dugan and her boy friend, the greeting card salesman, told in letters, telegrams and newspaper interviews.

"Beau Ideal," by Percival Christopher Wren. The Frederick A. Stokes Company. The third story of the Geste triology, which will be welcomed by lovers of the two which preceded it. The Foreign Legion in Africa once more supplies the theme. Not an atom of reality, but the action is exciting. Reviewed July 25.

"The Foolish Virgin," by Kathleen Norris Doubleday, Doran. A story of a modern young girl. To be reviewed later.

Non-Fiction

"Goethe," by Emil Ludwig. Putnam. A biography of the German poet. To be reviewed later.

"The Story of Oriental Philosophy," by L. Adams Beck. Cosmopolitan. An outline of Eastern thought by an author better known as E. Barrington. To be reviewed later.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism," by George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. Almost every one will agree with G. B. S. this time; and any one with the patience to read his long book through will find it marked by his usual wit and wide interests. Reviewed July 4.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton & Co. You will enjoy this charming and vivid biography.

"Jesus, the Son of Man," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. Readers of Ludwig's great biographies will be interested in this, if only to see how badly the biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck can fail. Reviewed July 25.

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"Mr. Nicholls, a kind, good man." Emily should have borne brown children to run upon the moors. That Charlotte was carrying a child when she died is one of the absurd tricks of Nature, who is quite indifferent to the minds and souls of her female instruments. Given physical strength, Charlotte might have been an excellent mother and still continued her highly successful way as a talented and ambitious novelist. But if Emily had achieved a normal life, we should not have had her poetry to touch and trouble us, or "Wuthering Heights" to exalt and terrify. For Charlotte's work was of the mind and Emily's of the spirit. Equally inexperienced in the actualities of human relations, Charlotte thought of how things might be and wrote according to her thoughts, Emily felt how they might be and wrote according to her feelings. Read over "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." In the first you will admire the fluent style, the brilliant visualization, the irony, and alternately yawn and snicker over the absurd and tedious story. In the second you will forget appreciation and criticism in the relentless sweep of the tragedy. Read other works of Charlotte's and wonder at her understanding of her own literary qualities, her faculty for self-criticism, and the precision of her improvement as a novelist. Read Emily's poetry, and wonder at the awful strangeness of her soul.

From "The Woodcut of Today at Home and Abroad," pub. by The Studio, Ltd.

TOTEM POLES
Woodcut by E. Holgate

Both women lived remarkably quiet and orderly lives. Charlotte was a domineering woman, with a terrific will and with energy beyond her strength. Emily was a grand industrious housewife, an outwardly subservient daughter, and a biddable sister. The routine of their lives in the isolated Yorkshire village was broken only by a few expeditions into the world, even for Charlotte, although she was a cosmopolitan and vastly traveled woman compared with Emily and Anne. The facts about them are plain and simple. The truth is very complicated. Charlotte seems to have betrayed Emily not only once, when she discovered her secret poetry and exposed it to the public gaze in print, after editing it to conform to her—Charlotte's—ideas of the fitness of verse; but twice when, in a belated effort to make up for her negligence of her amazing sister, she destroyed Emily's papers after her death and doctored the complex truth about her into some resemblance to the facts which any one could see. It is possible that Charlotte thought those facts were the truth, but it does not seem likely because, however little Charlotte Brontë may have understood Emily Jane, the keenly critical Currer Bell must have perceived the obscure psychic sources of Ellis Bell's inspiration.

The Abbé Dimnet, prejudiced gently for Charlotte, perhaps rather, interested chiefly in her, and decently indifferent to Emily (not to her work), attempts to get at the truth about Charlotte, at least he attempts to present his facts and allow the reader to interpret them so that he may get at it. Romer Wilson, violently prejudiced for Emily and against Charlotte (not against her work), chooses to interpret the facts into truth for her readers. Both, in a large measure, succeed.

An attempt to outline either of the books under review, and particularly Romer Wilson's, would require more space than can be given. Furthermore, these books are decidedly to be read and not to be read about. No reviewer could convey the charm of the Abbé Dimnet's work, nor the force of Romer Wilson's. For most readers, the former will be easy reading, the latter overstrange. Two books better calculated to show the difference between the Gallic and the northern attitude toward tragedy would be hard to find. The Gallic temper tends to simplify the most complex life, the northern to complicate the most simple. The classic mind accepts tragedy, the romantic exalts it. Tragedy marks the lives of the Brontës. Anne alone, whose thoughts were ever fixed upon eternity and who was, therefore, superior to the troubles of this world, alone escaped it. Bramwell, the brother, is an example of the tragedy of genius weakened by over-stimulation in youth and unsupported by will-power. Emily grew terrible under the tragedy of utter friendlessness and pride. She was conscious of superiority and believed herself to be persecuted. Her life was a prolonged speculation upon those fruitless questions which every introspective person must some time face and which all wise ones promptly forget—without knowing evil who can know good; if Judas had not

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betrayed, how should Christ have been lifted up; if Lucifer had not fallen, where should we find a guage to measure heaven's height. She identified herself with both the good and the evil principle. It is probable, although Romer Wilson does not speak of it, that she was not only apparently but actually sustained by her will and her bitter pride. And after awhile she must have ceased to expect of life more than she outwardly expressed herself as expecting. And those who expect nothing cannot be disappointed. Charlotte's tragedy was of another sort of frustration. She was decently ambitious, that is, she wanted to be happy. She alone of the sisters consciously coveted the various wines of life, and every time that she raised the cup to her lips it was dashed from her fingers after one sip.

A Group of Novels

By HARRIET HASTINGS

"The Happy Mountain," By Marístan Chapman. The Viking Press.
"Day of Fortune," By Norman Matson. The Century Company.
"Vanity Under the Sun," By Dale Collins. Little, Brown, & Company.
"Vasco," by Marc Chadourne. .Harcourt, Brace & Company.
"Catherine Wells, Her Book," with an introduction by her husband, H. G. Wells.

THE first thing to be noticed about this list is that two newly-fledged Americans are distinctly in the lead both as to general interest and fine workmanship. And this is so in spite of the fact that the other three authors are all well-known men of various nationalities. Mr. Wells, the Englishman, is one of the most popular novelists living; M. Chadourne has made his name in France and has now achieved the further success of being translated into another language; and Mr. Collins, the Australian, is already dangerously near the best-seller class.

We do not mean to suggest for a moment that our two Americans are better writers than, for instance, Mr. Wells. What we do mean is that "The Happy Mountain" and "Day of Fortune" are better books than the specimen of Mr. Wells' work considered below. Nevertheless, it is something to feel that one's best is better than even Mr. Wells' worst, and Mrs. Chapman and Mr. Matson are fully entitled to this satisfaction, for what it is worth.

"The Happy Mountain" is such a good piece of work that it challenges the reader to find out why it isn't better still. A story of the Tennessee Mountains, it is written, both in and out of "the quotes," in a sturdy and expressive mountain dialect. Although we ourselves dislike dialect, we reiterate the words, sturdy and expressive. Mrs. Chapman's skillful use of this mountain language is one of the great charms of her book and even reconciled us to the necessary glossary at the end. But this very charm has proved the most unmanageable thing about the work. The clean, bright-colored words, and the consequent startling "presentness" of everything they describe, has interfered with the proportion of the book as a whole. As it stands it is all climax. Every word means so much that nothing can stand out above the rest. Mrs. Chapman is so vivid in her descriptions of moments—wind blowing through the chinks of a log hut, for instance, or an old woman mending a man's coat—that she has no more power to draw upon for the real climax when it comes. And even then, it comes rather unwillingly, as though it knew that its author was more interested in life in the rough than in any specially arranged pattern of events.

Of course, this only means that Mrs. Chapman, for all her unusual gifts, has not produced a masterpiece at the first attempt. If the sustained beauty of her writing sometimes betrays a hint of effort, what does that matter? She has achieved beauty. She will find it only too easy to achieve less effort.

"Day of Fortune" is an excellent book of its kind; but compared with that of "The Happy Mountain," its kind is less distinguished. Mr. Matson has written one of those books that begin with the hero's grandfather, and that end with the hero himself at just about the same age as the author was when he finished the last chapter. Not so very old, either. And as he cannot take his hero so far as the grave he makes up for it by giving every detail of his life so far as he can take him. And, yes, we had better admit the worst, the grandfather was born in Norway, and the hero struggles up in the American middle west—with foreign-born parents and a strange environment, and . . . in fact the reader thinks he has read the book two or three times already by the time he has looked at the jacket. But Mr. Matson has a surprise up his sleeve; and that is, that in spite of his well-worn theme his book is well worth reading. He can write. That must be the reason.

Naturally, he has faults. His real trouble is that he lacks the power of selection. He doesn't know what to leave out so he ends by leaving nothing out. As a result the reader can hardly see the wood for the trees.

Both he and Mrs. Chapman will write better books when they don't work quite so hard. Meanwhile their next work will be worth watching.

"Vanity Under the Sun" is a distinct comedown, not only after these two careful first novels, but after Mr. Collins' last book. "The Sentimentalists" had claims to distinction, after all It was vigorous, both in idea and execution, and if not original, was fresh and sincerely felt. It suggested that Mr. Collins possessed the power to do better still. Well, "Vanity Under the Sun" has lessened that suggestion. This time, Mr. Collins has been content to work at a cheap, melodramatic situation, and naturally he has not felt it worth while to expend himself on it. The result is a wildly improbable yarn in which passion preponderates so much over thought as to make the book rather sordid. It is a pity; not because one more sordid book makes much difference, but because Mr. Collins could do so very much better.

"Vasco" is best described as realism that never achieves reality. It is the story of a Frenchman let loose on a South Sea island, and so far as the story goes it is just about what the reader will expect. In other words, "Does the road wind downhill all the way? Yes. To the very end," if we may misquote such famous lines. Vasco himself is one of the modern young men whose physical adventures—and they are very, very physical—are meant to be a mere shadow of the superhuman conflict in their minds. Vasco, searching incessantly for escape from himself, leaves France for Tahiti, leaves Tahiti for the Marquesas, leaves his business, leaves the very decenies of life, only to find himself forever the slave of himself, if you see what we mean. Any well-trained modern reader will see at once, and will find it all only too familiar.

The book depends for its effect on distinctive writing, but this is necessarily obscured in a translation.

It seems almost unfair to criticize "Catherine Wells, Her Book." Mr. H. G. Wells has here collected a number of short stories by his wife, and has published them with an introduction by himself, in which he describes her character, her life, and her recent

(Please Turn to Page 800)

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Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Cicely Hamilton's Lest Ye Die Scribners

Another of those stories of the crash of civilization in a great war. Theodore Savage, a Civil Servant in a government department, sees all the horrors of a greater war than the Great War from the civilian side. Populations are driven by air raiders from the towns and kept on the run until they are starving and thoroughly demoralized. Gradually hostilities cease through exhaustion on both sides. But civilization has perished. Savage goes back to the life of his primitive ancestors, and eventually joins a band of fellow barbarians and lives out his life in a mud walled village from which all trace of culture has vanished. The author writes from the conviction that the Eden legend, the legends of a Golden Age, are based on truth; that a former civilization has existed and was destroyed in the same way that ours will be destroyed—by the destructive forces which man's growing knowledge of science is placing at the service of his prejudices and his greed. This theory is interesting and worth some thought, but it rather spoils what might otherwise have been an exciting story.

Hal G. Evarts' Fur Brigade Little Brown

Without intricacy of plot or interest of character drawing, this tale of the trappers of the early West is good reading, if only for its picture of a little known period of frontier histroy. The adventures of Hunter Breckenridge, trapper, Indian fighter and trader among the Pawnees, Blackfeet, Sioux, Mandans, Cheyennes and a dozen other tribes in the West and Northwest in the eighteen-twenties, are not only exciting in themselves, they are based on incidents that happened, and all the characters introduced had their prototypes in the life of the times. There is, of course, a heroine, and a villain.

Rene Lacoste Lacoste on Tennis Morrow

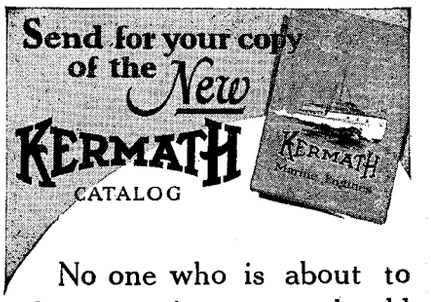
Anyone at all interested in tennis, whether beginner or professional, will be interested in reading this account of personal experiences on the courts, of big matches and the tactics of various players. The technical part of the book, however, is a little too intricate for the beginner, although it should be invaluable to a coach. If we have any criticism, it is that the strategy of doubles play is not well covered. We believe that a few diagrams and some discussion of this subject would have been extremely valuable. Also in treating of singles play, a few diagrams covering particular points would greatly illuminate the general discussion.

Ralph Fox's Storming Heaven Harcourt Brace

The story of an American boy, a wharf rat with little to recommend him to your interest but the adventures he goes through traveling about present day Russia in his later 'teens. The story is as chaotic as the scene. There are Bolsheviks and mujiks and Mormons and Cossacks and gipsies and Kirghiz and Uzbegs; caravans and strolling troupes of players and Quaker relief units and bands of roaming partisans. There are long arid stretches of conversation *a la Russe* through which we panted, picking up here and there a bit of information, and there are frequent cases of violence which almost, but not quite, make up for the difficulty of reaching them. But you will get some idea of Russia.

Gertrude Knevels, The Diamond Rose Mystery Appleton

When Lee, the beautiful pearl stringer of Greenwich Village got mixed up with a gang of lady thugs known as the Wildcats, she had quite an awful time. They thought no more of croaking a wench than you or I would of squashing an importunate mosquito But Lee and her boy friend got the better of them, found the Rose and restored it to the rightful owner in the very teeth of Big Ellen, Kangaroo Kate, the Mouse, Angel Emma, Two-Gun Tillie, Philadelphia Poll, Nellie the lady human fly—to name a few of these demons in human form. This story consists of action, interspersed with action, and with occasional pauses for more action. Quite breathless, in fact.



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Do You Want the Index?

Index and title-page for Volume 149, May 2,-August 29, 1928, of The Outlook, printed separately for binding, will be furnished gratis, on application, to any reader who desires them for this purpose.

Lucy Goes to Africa

(*Continued from page* 773)

position of the employer, the greater the prestige among his fellows enjoyed by the wearer of the cap. Bare legs and feet complete this charming outfit, in which the most formal and elaborate dinners are served.

Picnics are featured as a form of entertainment; but being British picnics, they are far removed from the crude affairs known by that name in this part of the world. First a cohort of black boys goes out, bearing food, awnings, chairs, tables, dishes, victrola and a canvas dance floor. They erect the awnings, stretch the floor, set the tables, turn on the victrola—and the picnic is ready to proceed in proper style. Then you go out and dance to the strains of "Old Man River" under a low, African moon. Who said that Romance is dead?

I was telling Sam, the colored chauffeur of some friends of mine in this country, that in Africa a man can acquire a good, hard-working wife for the equivalent of five dollars in African currency. Five wives, and he is taken care of for the rest of his life.

Sam's eyes shone.

"Couldn' you all ca' me along, Miss Lucy?" he asked wistfully. "Dat Afr'ca'd sho' suit me fine. Ah wouldn' *never* do no mo' wuk. Dem niggers—dey'd be eatin' f'um ma han' in no time!"

I have no doubt that they would. He's a splendid, gigantic figure of a man, with an ebony skin, and a great natural dignity of bearing. He would make a magnificent African king. I can see him now, seated royally under a tree, surrounded by an admiring throng, and fanned with palm leaves by solicitous wives. It's a great shame that he can't go where he so obviously belongs.

The seasons in Africa are going to be a bit confusing, what with the summer's eccentric habit of coming in the winter, and the winter occurring in July and August. Going to the beach for Christmas to get cool, for instance, will be something in the nature of a novelty.

The trip out is quite a little jaunt; a week from New York to London; seventeen days on the Union Castle Line boat from Southampton to Capetown; and five days by rail to the town nearest the mine. You cover the final forty miles as best you can, since the railroad in to the camp is not yet completed.

The dirt road to the interior is good for motoring, except during the rainy season, when it is not good for anything. Horses, being peculiarly susceptible to sleeping sickness, are not available. Mules, however, are immune; no doubt due to the thickness of their hide, which is probably highly discouraging to the tsetse fly. Then of course there are always elephants, giraffes and zebras. A striped riding habit athwart a zebra ought to make an effective ensemble.

Needless to say, I have not yet been to Africa; the preceding speculations have been gleaned piecemeal from those who have been, or whose friends have been, or who have heard of people who have been. It will be interesting to see how reality checks up with hearsay. The boat sails next week, and I've got my cork helmet. On to Africa—let's go!

What the Country Is Thinking

(*Continued from page* 783)

a sharp difference of opinion—not altogether partisan. Some regard Smith's views as derived second hand and as obviously unrelated to fact. In particular his condemnation of our policy in Nicaragua is called a blunder, in that that policy is in accord with what Wilson, whom he praises, did not only in Nicaragua but in Haiti, and is also in response to a practically unanimous request from the Nicaraguans themselves. On the other hand Smith's Latin American policy is praised as an ideal for the treatment of small nations. Beyond that except for his ignoring of the League of Nations, critical comment scarcely ventures.

Comment becomes more partisan when it touches what Smith said about the "myth" of prosperity. How can it be a "myth", it is asked, when he promises he will not disturb it?

Concerning Smith's views on immigration there is the lifting of no snickerness but at least of some eyebrows. Even the New York "World"—perhaps the leading newspaper supporter of Smith—advises him to drop his plan for favoring the newer immigration.

There is one position Smith has taken for which I find no fundamental criticism—his position on Giant Power. There is of course some superficial sneers at government ownership, and in particular at the idea that Muscle Shoals can provide cheap fertilizer; but in the main there is either favorable comment or—perhaps because Hoover has not yet spoken on the subject—silence. Here it is conceded even by his foes Smith speaks out of knowledge. The nub of this is that the public (by Nation, State, or Power Authority representing a group of States) should keep its hand on the switch. When will the American people regard this as important?

What is the upshot?

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Smith is a politician. More than that, a master politician. More still, a master of the art of government. Is he still more? Is he a statesman? There opinions differ. Some believe he is more of a State's man than a Nation's man. Neighboring papers in Buffalo disagree as to whether the Smith that spoke at Albany to the Nation is the Smith that New York State knows. He has grown from the size of an Assembly district to the size of the State. Has he grown from the size of the State to the size of the Nation? The Happy Warrior is now on a bigger battlefield than any he has fought on before.

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You Need A Rest

James Cannon, Jr.

(Continued from page 766)

man of the Legislative Committee of the Anti-saloon League of America. Since 1919, he has been Chairman of the Executive Committee of the World League against Alcoholism. He has gone pretty well over the world, half the way in missionary work, the other half in prohibition work.

Now let me introduce my proof that the two things mean the same to him.

Just before the Houston Convention, Bishop Cannon said:

"Wherever our church has sent out its gospel messengers, they have carried the gospel of temperance, and the disciplinary teaching and legislation is the same in America, Cuba, Mexico, Brazil, China, Japan, Korea, . . Africa. Wherever Methodism goes, it joins battle at once with the common enemy of the race, the liquor traffic. In this warfare against the traffic by our missionaries, the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States came as a most powerful argument . . . To elect a man (as President) who is known to be opposed to the prohibition law, and especially a man who is known to use intoxicants habitually, would deal a staggering blow to the successful proclamation by our missionaries of the gospel of temperance and would render more difficult the work of bringing in the kingdom of our God."

If there are any who question this statement of Bishop Cannon's views, I refer them to the July number of "The Missionary Voice."

Bishop Cannon believes that the drinking of intoxicating liquor is morally wrong. He believes that he believes so because he is a Methodist. He cites the Methodist discipline which prohibits "drinking spirituous liquors except in cases of necessity." There are those who think that the necessity arises when a hostess offers a cocktail, but not Bishop Cannon. A strict constructionist in most things, there is little doubt that he would construe "spirituous liquors" to include wines and beer. This does not mean that he holds himself aloof from the man who takes a glass of wine. He thinks that man has broken the moral and the church law but so, he thinks, has the man who loses his temper. He is not necessarily a man to be avoided socially but he is a man not to be trusted with important public office.

This is the man who is making the most active political campaign that is being waged today in America. William Jennings Bryan in 1896 was not so active as James Cannon, Jr. is this year. But Cannon relies much less on oratory and more on organization than Bryan did.

Because he is a Southerner and a Democrat—as devotedly a Democrat as he is a missionary and a prohibitionist—Bishop Cannon is conducting his work among Southern Democrats. He believes as sincerely as he ever believed anything—and that is very sincerely—that he is saving the essential Democracy of the South.

Europe and the Kellogg Treaty

(Continued from Page 768)

we do not think that this Amendment will accomplish much.

"But neither what we do about this treaty nor what we think about it is anywhere near so important as what we hope about it. As I am an unashamed optimist, I find real reason for enthusiasm over the fact that Mr. Kellogg has asked us to join in this treaty. Europe hopes—and it is a matter of vast importance to us—that this treaty and the negotiations leading up to it mean that your great and so powerful country is once more showing an interest in our peace problem. You must remember that we were shell-shocked. Perhaps we exaggerated our fears that your indifference was hostility. Very often it has seemed to us not only that you would not help, but that you were opposing our efforts to get on our feet. We hope that this is a friendly gesture. We hope that through talking this over—and if it is to mean anything, we will have to talk it over frequently in the future—we'll get to understand each other better.

"I suppose that every Foreign Office in the world has especially instructed its Embassy in Washington to send it translations and surveys of your press in these last months. We have tried our best to understand the currents of public opinion in America about this treaty. Some of your editors seem to fear that Mr. Kellogg has fallen into a trap set by the wily M. Briand—they seem to think that any form of cooperation between your country and old Europe must be a disaster to you. Of course our view is just the opposite. We do not believe that we can stabilize peace even in Europe without some sort of sympathy, understanding and cooperation with the United States. Helpful relations might be established in a hundred different ways, and we are perfectly willing to let you choose which way. But in some way we need your encouragement and support. So, on the whole Europe is enthusiastic about the treaty, because we hope that it means the end of the estrangement between Europe and America which followed the Armistice."

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How Sweden Does It

(Continued From Page 770)

as a whole. As the statistics deal with litres, I shall convert them into quarts, for the benefit of American readers.

Annual consumption in quarts per person of liquor (50 per cent alcohol):

1911-13	
Sweden	Stockholm
7.21	23.43
1925-27	
Sweden	Stockholm
4.66	12.40

In the whole country the consumption of intoxicants has fallen off by about thirty-five per cent, and in Stockholm by nearly fifty per cent. It should be borne in mind that these figures are for the whole population, and would be even more marked if account could be taken only of those who drink, moderately or immoderately.

During the early period the Swedish State derived an aggregate annual income from this traffic of about forty-eight million kronen; during the latter period the revenue amounted to about eighty-eight million kronen. It was derived from customs duties, taxes and profits on sale. The figure for the later years is about one-fifth the total revenue of the State, and is more than half the amount paid by consumers for their intoxicants.

During the earlier period convictions for drunkenness averaged about ten per thousand inhabitants; during 1925-27 they were five per thousand. For the whole of Sweden the cases of intoxication have fallen off by nearly half, and in Stockholm by seventy per cent.

The prohibition organizations admit freely that an improvement has taken place in the grosser abuses of alcohol; but they complain that the Bratt system has legalized the habit of alcohol and has tempted groups previously abstainers to learn its use. In particular it is charged that more and more women have learned to drink, and some prohibitionists in individual cases, assert that more young persons are learning.

It is true that the number of passbooks issued has risen. At the close of 1927 a million and a quarter of these were in use, which means in effect that about one person in five used alcohol in some form. To some extent this may be explained by the slight increase in population. At the same time it must be noted that, although more persons now have the right to purchase, the average of purchases for each passbook has been substantially reduced. The figures show that the holders of passbooks do not, on the average, buy as much liquor as their licenses entitle them to; the average is about one-third of a quart per month less. Not until men are twenty-three and women twenty-five years old are pass-books issued, and at that age the maximum of purchase is half a quart of spirits a month.

The visible cause of harm to women from the use of alcohol has been reduced to a greater extent than among men. During the pre-regulation period the average of women arrested in Sweden for drunkenness was 6.3 per ten thousand, while during the later period, under the Bratt system, it was two per ten thousand; in Stockholm the reduction was from 7.5 to 1.7. The reduction of cases of drunkenness for the entire country, that is to say, was seventy per cent, and in Stockholm eighty. The reductions in the case of men are much less pronounced.

The annual mortality from alcohol in Sweden was 2.2 per 100,000 in the 1911-13 period, while in 1922-24 (the latest figures at hand) it had fallen to 0.27. In Stockholm the reduction was even more striking, from 6.8 to 0.8. The cases of insanity from alcoholism for the same period fell off for the whole country from 2.9 to 1 per 100,000 population.

In Stockholm there is a central infirmary for the treatment of alcoholics, and the records therefore are more detailed and complete than for the whole country. For the three years prior to regulation the percentage there ran from 14 to a fraction more than 17 per ten thousand of population. During the years 1925-27 these figures were 3.8 to 3.5. The difference between the two periods is nearly seventy-five per cent.

Cases of violence attributed to alcohol decreased between these two periods from 6.3 to 3.3 per ten thousand persons.

It seems safe to say that the increased sobriety of Sweden is to be credited mainly to the Bratt system of restricting intoxicants. Conflicts still rage around the system, and perhaps always will, but there is no evidence that it will ever be abandoned for any other system. The partisans of prohibition are still opposed to the plan, and many who are not prohibitionists think it unnecessarily troublesome. As the injurious effects of alcohol become less and less apparent, it is likely that the latter viewpoint will gain adherents. The system, that is to say, tends to put itself out of business, to make itself superfluous. The real problem of the future is whether, when that time comes, the habits of the Swedish people with regard to intoxicants will have undergone such a transformation as to make further legislation unnecessary, in case regulation is abolished.

"Don Giovanni"

(Continued from Page 789)

graceful body which should make him an ideal Don Giovanni. Such, however, is not the case. He seemed to have no conception of the rôle and gave no idea whatever of a *grand seigneur*. One kept thinking all the time what a really superb Figaro he would make (and as a matter of fact he is supposed to be extremely good in the part of that ubiquitous individual). He was amusing, wore some very beautiful costumes and used his voice very well indeed, but the dignity of the great 18th century voluptuary was woefully missing.

Fritz Krauss was a good Oktavio (the opera is sung in German here) and made the most of a voice that is not a very large one. He sang the music with style and gave a fine all round performance of this rather ungrateful rôle. Berthold Sterneck as Leporello, and August Kleffner as Masetto were satisfactory in their respective parts. Paul Bender was a most imposing Statue and quite lived up to his trombones.

Among the women, it was Felície Hüni-Mihacsek as Donna Anna who carried off the honors. She made the part the most interesting by far of the three ladies who loved the Don not wisely but too well. Mme. Hüni-Mihacsek uses her voice expertly and is well versed in the Mozart traditions, besides being a good actress. Hildegard Ranczak as Donna Elvira was less successful both in singing and acting, but then in our opinion Elvira was an irritating female, and we find it extremely difficult not to rejoice over the dirty tricks played on her by the Don. Martha Schellingberg was a charming though undistinguished Zerlina, but after all that's more or less what Zerlina is supposed to be, so perhaps that lets her out.

The settings were very effective, and owing to the fact that this theatre is equipped with a revolving stage, the intermissions between the many scenes were reduced to a minimum, which considerably helps matters where this opera is concerned.

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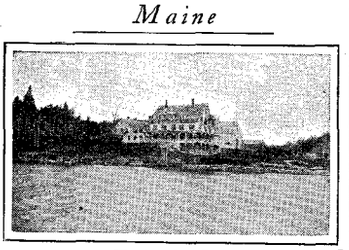

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 794)

death. Mr. Wells is writing under the influence of strong emotion, and in this case that is a disadvantage. Catherine Wells' own revelation of herself as shown in her stories is so dimmed by the glow of her husband's presentation in his introduction that the book would have been more satisfactory without his part in it. What a pity he didn't allow these stories to be just themselves.

The Magnificent Marquis

By P. W. WILSON

"The Life of Lord Curzon," By The Earl of Ronaldshay. Boni & Liveright

IT is this second of the three volumes, devoted by Lord Ronaldshay to the career of Lord Curzon, that is to be received as an essential history. It was not at Eton and Oxford, not even at Westminster, that the magnificent marquis trod his appointed quarter-deck, but in India; and here we have his viceroyalty described by one who himself has glittered in the gorgeous East as a governor. It is a narrative at once sympathetic and searching. Lord Ronaldshay appreciates Lord Curzon's merits but he does not conceal his failure.

What Lord Curzon stood for—and, as it proved, in vain—was an absolute autocracy. He did not want a national capital at Delhi. He insisted on a British capital at Calcutta. He favored an Anglicised, not an Indianised civil service, and he mistrusted any tendency to develop representative institutions. Education could be overdone. Nor, in his heart, did he accept any one into partnership with his own caste except the Indian princes, and even these he lectured for their undoubted sins of omission. As for the frontiers, his only defense of them was to extend them. Over Afghanistan he was a jealous watch-dog. Into the heart of Tibet he drove a military expedition.

Yet it is not enough to say that Lord Curzon was the last of his dynasty. Let us agree that today his Durbar would be merely a signal for violence and boycott. What then? Has there been discovered an alternative? Under a restricted Constitution, can it be said that India has arrived at tranquillity? It has been stated that Parliaments are designed to indicate how much of administration by officials the people can stand. Not only in India but in Egypt, in Italy, in Spain, in Poland, it has been Parliament itself that has aroused a popular pessimism. If there be an argument in defense of the Curzon attitude, it is that nothing as yet has been found in India of which you can say with certainty that it offers a better hope of happiness.

That Lord Curzon, like Indian potentates themselves, enjoyed the luxury of power, is obvious. Where he differed, let us say, from Akbar or Solomon, was in the fact that power was all that he lived for. There is not a suggestion that, amid the pomp of power, he sought pleasure. On the contrary, his magnificence was a martyrdom. There was not a day, scarcely an hour, that he could call his own, and his official salary was never more than pocket money. On India he lavished, not only his wife's income but her strength, and his passionate devotion to her company. He chose the job but there were times when, in bitterness, he writhed under the sacrifice. If ever a man earned his statue, it was Lord Curzon.

Yet a statue of stone has been his only reward. For his sense of duty, Indians themselves entertain respect. But as yet, there is not a hint that, around Lord Curzon's name, there is gathering that glory which surrounds so many despots, far inferior to him in character and achievement. His gospel for India was that she must be saved by men different from herself. Between the jewelled turban and the cork helmet there must be no compromise. India must be a China and England must provide the Manchus.

That Lord Curzon represented a system in its obsolescence is thus manifest. We shall see whether Sir John Simon and his Commission, now studying India, can suggest a better system. During much of Lord Curzon's term of office, Indian sentiment acquiesced in his authority. It was only his partition of Bengal that at the end aroused the furies. But his successors inherit that awakening. It is with the Curzonian legacy that they have to deal. It is a legacy in which, as it seems sometimes, the liabilities exceed the assets. Yet, in fairness to Lord Curzon be it added that the legacy was one which he himself had to accept from predecessors, who, in less spectacular fashion than he, were preparing India, as the Czars prepared Russia, for something other than their own régime.

He Done Her Wrong

By MARY SHIRLEY

"Woman In Flight," by Fritz Reck-Melleczewen (Boni & Liveright), is a translation from the German, glorifying the Girl Murderess of the type familiar to readers of the tabloid newspapers. To be sure, Elfie's old lady was not really "done in," Elfie having made a bad job of her, but the poor girl did the best she could. Elfie was one of those girls who persist in being more sinned against than sinning. The refrain of Frankie and Johnnie would adequately summarize her experiences from cover to cover—"He Done Her Wrong." For such a congenital victim there seems no other solution than to lie down like the Babes in The Wood and let the robins cover them with leaves. Which is just about what Elfie did. Only, when she Went Out Into The Night it was snowing and there weren't any robins nor any leaves. Ever and anon some alert sociologist discovers the White Slave traffic between Europe and South America—always South America, mind you—we remain quite sanitary and pure with our Moral Turpitude clause——Mr. Reck-Melleczewen has found this unsavoury commerce useful to his highly-charged narrative. This reader admits finding the graphic description of the suffering of a little marmoset in a vivisectionist clinic far more excruciating than the Episodes of Elfie. The author says, "After I had carried the trembling Stepka back to bed, a strong yearning came over me to drill recruits once more in order to impede somewhat the progress of humanity in general and that of science in particular." A sentiment we passionately commend!

"Woman In Flight" is written with a good deal of dramatic power, and those who still enjoy a little White Slaving after dinner have found it an engrossing document. Of its truth there seems to be little question and the book has aroused a vast amount of discussion. It should make a fortune in the Cinema. Movie fans—and "Aren't We All?"—should adore it.

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